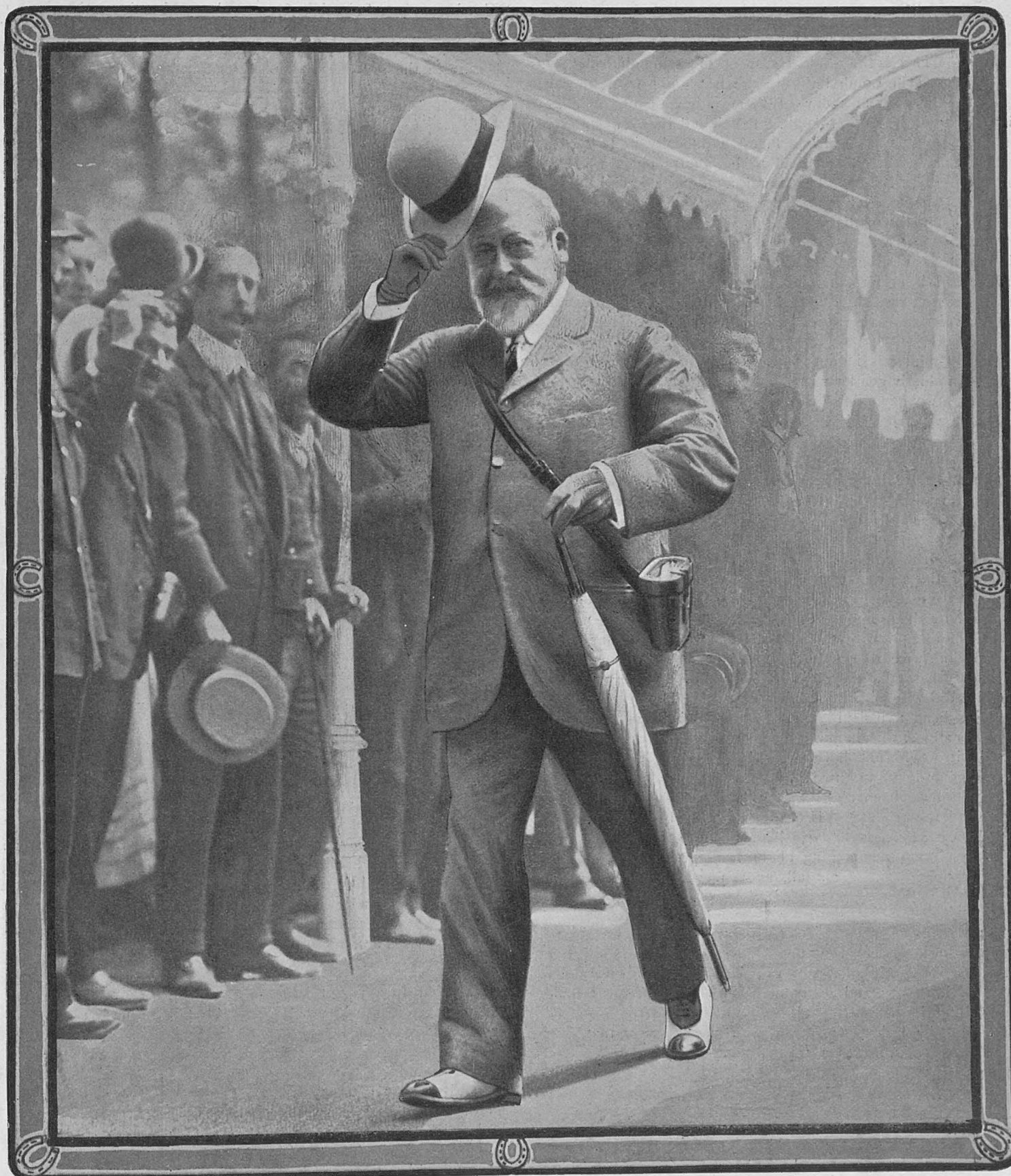


The Sketch

No. 706.—Vol. LV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



AN UNDRESS GOODWOOD: THE KING ATTENDS THE RACES IN COMFORT.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



Westbourne-on-Sea.

I FIND, to my great grief, that I have lost my taste for "Punch and Judy." This is the result, I suspect, of seeing almost every play produced in London during the last eight years, to say nothing of reading a great many of them either before or after production. To tell the truth, though, "Punch and Judy" was never one of my favourite plays. I always found a difficulty in following the plot, and most of the dialogue had to be interpreted for me by nursemaids and elder sisters. This interpretation, as might have been expected, was conducted in a purely perfunctory manner, and punctuated with shrieks of merriment that served only to add to my bewilderment. But if I have lost my taste for "Punch and Judy," I am delighted to know that there is still the old charm about the seaside nigger. His performance is exactly the same as ever. The songs are the same (with slightly different words), the costumes are the same, the voices are the same, and the "business" is the same. This very morning, just as I sat down to write these notes, the local troupe of nigger-minstrels halted beneath my window. There were six of them—an elderly gentleman who sat on a little camp-stool and played the harp, two gay fellows with tambourines, another comedian with the bones, a person with a piccolo, and a tall, grave man with a guitar.

The tall man at once aroused my interest. It was so evident that, of all the callings in the world, the very last for which he was intended was that of the nigger-minstrel. The other members of the troupe were perfectly happy. The harpist thrummed, the piccoloist piped, the comedians twirled their legs, cracked gags, and winked at the servant-girls leaning from the upper windows. But the tall, grave man just twanged at his guitar and looked neither to right nor left. The supreme incongruity came when the whole troupe, with the exception of the elderly harpist, fell into single file and walked round twice to the tune of a comic song. Beneath his black, I knew, that tall, grave man was blushing for very shame. Mind you, he did the job without flinching. He kept in step, and even held his head a little higher in the effort to look as though everything was all right in the jolliest of worlds. Yet my heart ached for him. If it would not have seemed so grossly impertinent, I should have gone down and invited him to dinner. His life-story, I know, would have been absorbing. (Please do not think I am punning, friend the reader.) How did he drift into the nigger-minstrel business? It is an excellent business, of course, and one that I myself know something about from practical experience. But it is a terrible business for tall, grave men who blush beneath the black.

Their most successful "comic" song, naturally enough, was based upon a pathetic idea. That is the secret, as you know, of true humour. This song told of a man who had to keep a wife and a large family of idle sons and daughters. The wife, so far as I could gather, made herself extremely unpleasant to him, and the sons and daughters were the laziest, greediest, most unfilial crew that ever breathed. The refrain, set to a spirited tune—I will sing it to you when we meet—ran thus—

*Early in the morning, the cock begins to crow,
And father has to go,
Off to work, you know:
He takes his little nosebag, and he toddles through the rain;
We say, "Good morning, father," and we go to sleep again.*

Can you conceive a more appealing picture? The grey dawn; the little, weary breadwinner slipping out of the house into the wet, deserted street; in his hand the "nosebag" that contains his frugal, unappetising midday meal; and the hulking sons and the selfish daughters calling after him down the stairs, in sarcastic tones,

"Good morning, father!" One of the tambourine artists sang the song, and the whole troupe joined in the chorus. I could not be sure, but I thought the tall man with the guitar took a cynical pleasure in the sad story. Thus does misfortune embitter the mind.

Miss Marie Corelli may be comforted to hear, as I am rejoiced to be able to tell her, that Westbourne-on-Sea sympathises with her very deeply in her latest sorrow. As all the world knows, Miss Corelli loathes publicity, more particularly such personal publicity as the reproduction of her portrait. For years and years, in spite of all temptations, she has sternly refused to be photographed, and even repudiated a tiny snapshot, secured at a certain Warwickshire bazaar, that appeared in this Journal. What happened? Let me quote from the preface of Miss Corelli's new novel. (I have not, I am sorry to say, a copy of the novel by me at the moment, but the newspapers have published extracts from the preface, and the newspapers, if Miss Corelli would only forgive them and believe it, are fairly reliable.) Says the little lady: "Gross, and I think I may say libellous, fictitious representations of me have been freely and unwarrantably circulated throughout Great Britain, the Colonies, and America by certain 'lower' sections of the pictorial Press, which, with a zeal worthy of a better and kinder cause, have striven by this means to alienate my readers from me." I have not seen any of these "fictitious representations," but I suppose the little lady means to imply that they did not do her justice—no, not by a long way.

What was to be done? Miss Corelli consulted her publishers, it seems, and the publishers thought it advisable "that an authentic likeness of myself, as I truly am to-day, should now be issued, in order to prevent any further misleading of the public by fraudulent inventions." The ordinary person would have thought, doubtless, that here was the end of all the trouble. But not a bit of it! Miss Corelli is "reluctant" to see the picture in the book, "because it has nothing whatever to do with the story." She is afraid, too, that her public will tear the thing out and throw it away. "I am not quite able to convince myself," she writes, "that my pictured personality can have any interest for my readers, as it has always seemed to me that an author's real being is more disclosed in his or her work than in any portrayed presentment of mere physiognomy." (Fine words, my masters, and difficult to spell.) Let me beg Miss Corelli to remain calm. If, on the one hand, there was no interest in her portrait, all those dreadful people would never have taken the trouble to circulate the various "gross, libellous, and fictitious misrepresentations throughout Great Britain, the Colonies, and America." If, on the other hand, it does not matter a jot what an author, or even an authoress, looks like, why worry about the ugly postcards? In any case, it all helps to shove along "The Treasure of Heaven."

A writer in a recent issue of *Great Thoughts* reminded us that the majority of authors have "miserably failed" to live up to their works. This is not altogether to be regretted. Miss Corelli, for instance, detests motorists. A character in her new novel, who also detested motorists, presently got to grips with one. This is what the anti-motorist did, and I am not sure that he even allowed the motorist time to take off his goggles: "Down on the ground he hurled him, clutching him round the neck, and choking every attempt at a cry. Then, falling himself, with all his huge weight, breadth and height"—he might have spared his victim the breadth and height—"upon Wrotham's prone body, he crushed it under and held it beneath him, while with appalling swiftness and vehemence he plunged a drawn clasp-knife . . ." etc., etc. If Miss Corelli began to live up to this standard, the Automobile Club would be forced to run an iron fence round Stratford-on-Avon.

B. PRODIGIOSUS, M.P.



"I SPY STRANGERS!" A "SKETCH" ARTIST'S GUIDE TO THE MICROBE-HAUNTED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A voluminous Blue Book dealing with the ventilation of the House of Commons has just been issued. Its illustrations of microbes found in the House are fearsome and wonderful. B. Prodigiosus is common when debates are in progress; so are streptococcus longus, streptococcus medius, and streptococcus brevis, which are found in the exhaust ventilation. Particulate matter is yielded by members' boots. The galleries are just as full of microbes as the House itself.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Autumn Hospitality of Clubs and its "Horrible" Results—A Flannelled Goodwood—Crimean Wines.

THE season is over; Goodwood, with its unaccustomed sight of men in flannels on the Lawn, is a thing of the past, and in sun-baked London the clubs are going a-visiting at each others' houses. Why this annual interchange of courtesy stirs up ill-will in the minds of men I do not know, but the fact remains that, though the Senior Athenians may, in theory, be delighted to welcome the Junior Spartans to their house while the abode of the Spartans is being repainted and the Spartan servants are eating the air at Southend or Margate, everything unfortunate that may happen during the visit is blamed on the intruders.

Let Binks, the esteemed wine steward, give warning after thirty years of service during the time that the Spartans are in the house; Major Shellback, the president of the Athenian house committee, will tell all his friends that the sight of the young barbarians of Sparta drinking ginger ale with the club ninepenny cold-cut from the joint was too much for the poor old fellow's nerves, and that the loss of the most valued servant in the Club is directly due to the pernicious custom of inviting members of a pot-house to make use of a good old Club. The opinions of the Junior Spartans when Major Shellback comes to their club, goes to sleep with two or three evening papers under him and tells the Spartan butler that the club's Mouton Rothschild is only fit to make into cup may be imagined.

There is a club of young gentlemen of fashion all of whom are quite capable of taking very good care of themselves. They invited another club, the members of which play a good deal of écarté, to stay with them one autumn. The strangers within their gates taught the young gentlemen of fashion écarté, and the fashionable young gentlemen learned so well that they soon knew more about the game than their instructors. Not long after the return of the visitors to their own club-house, the committee of the club they had visited had to haul some of their own members over the coals for playing too high points and not settling with that punctuality which is part of club law. The young gentlemen of fashion even now believe that these disagreeable things would never have happened had not their visitors taught them how écarté is played.

Our memories as to sumptuary edicts must be very short. Half the men at Goodwood this year were under the impression that the permission to wear comfortable clothes was some new thing. Had the Queen or the Princess been present, and had the permission to wear lounge-suits and any form of head-gear been given under those circumstances, a precedent would have been established. As it was, matters followed the usual course. The wearing of tall silk hats at Goodwood or the freedom from that badge of ultra respectability depends entirely on the presence or non-presence of royal ladies at the races. Should her Majesty attend the races at Goodwood

next year, as we all hope she will, every man of Clubland will, as a matter of course, dress as though he were going to a royal garden party.

It was curious to note what strange combinations of clothes some of the men at Goodwood thought were suitable to the occasion. Some of them seemed to have begun to dress for a cricket match, and then to have changed their minds, some men wore silk nether garments, some duck, but the great majority adhered to tweeds, or those light flannels which look exactly like tweeds. Brown boots, white boots, boots of crocodile-skin, patent-leather boots, all were in evidence, and the variety in waistcoats warranted to wash was extraordinary. If a flannelled Goodwood is to be of frequent occurrence some authority must tell our mankind exactly how to dress for it.

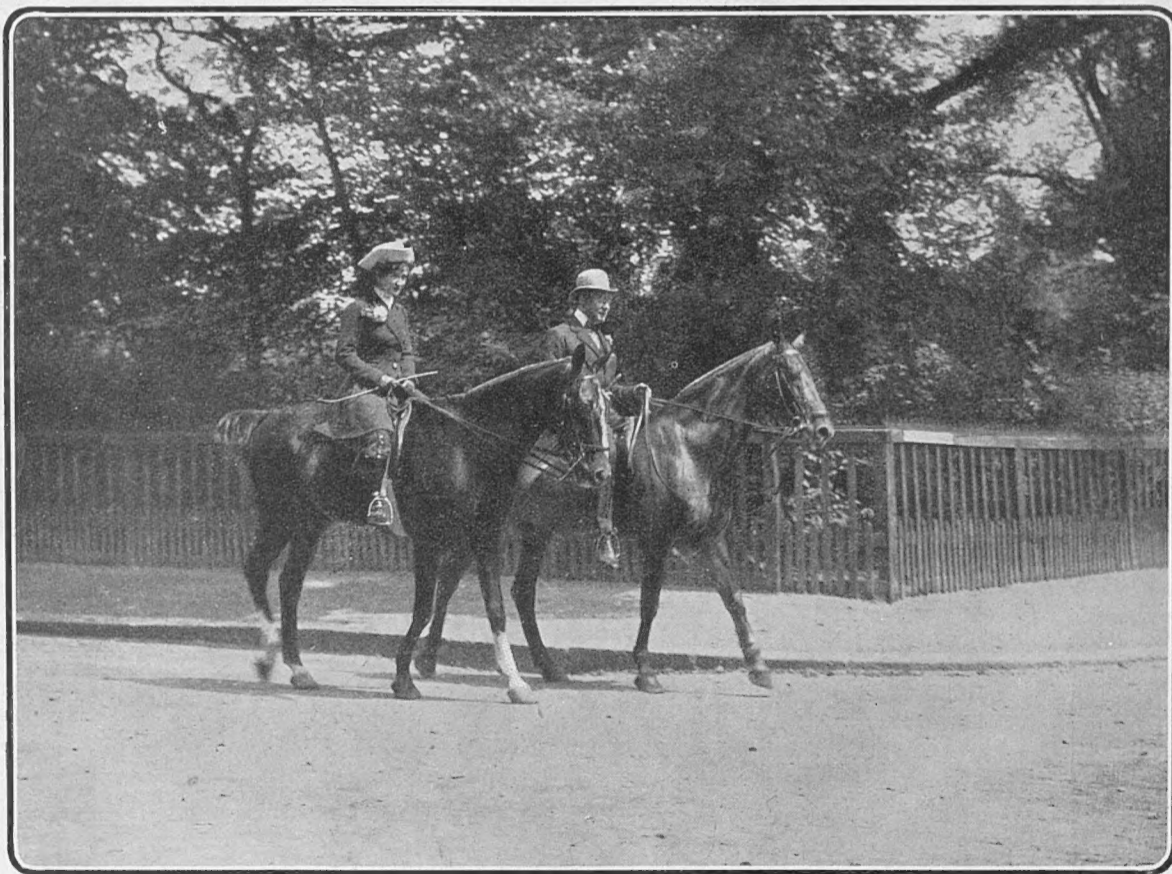
Livadia, the Tsar's palace, was reported to be in flames. The present ruler has used it but little, but it was a favourite residence of the late Emperor, who died in one of the three palaces which the great park contains. The late Tsar liked the wines of the Crimea, and encouraged the planting of vineyards around Yalta and Livadia, but his subjects, those of them, at least, who are rich, did not share his tastes, and both at St. Petersburg and Moscow I asked in vain at the fashionable restaurants

for the wines of the Crimea. French wines are the only drink which a Russian asks for at Cubat's or Donon's or the Ermitage. At the latter restaurant in Moscow I was snubbed by a most imperial *maitre d'hôtel*, of whom I had very humbly asked whether, as being the most famous of all Russian restaurants, I could obtain there the best of the Russian wines. "We have heard that there are such wines," he answered; "but they have never been served at this restaurant." When I pursued my quest to the

purely Russian restaurant which the Grand Dukes patronised, neither the waiters nor the *maitres d'hôtel* could understand French, and I took this, as no doubt it was meant, as a hint that British diners were not wanted in that particular restaurant on that particular night.



A MOST BECOMING WAY FOR A LADY TO RIDE:
MISS CHILD RIDING ASTRIDE.

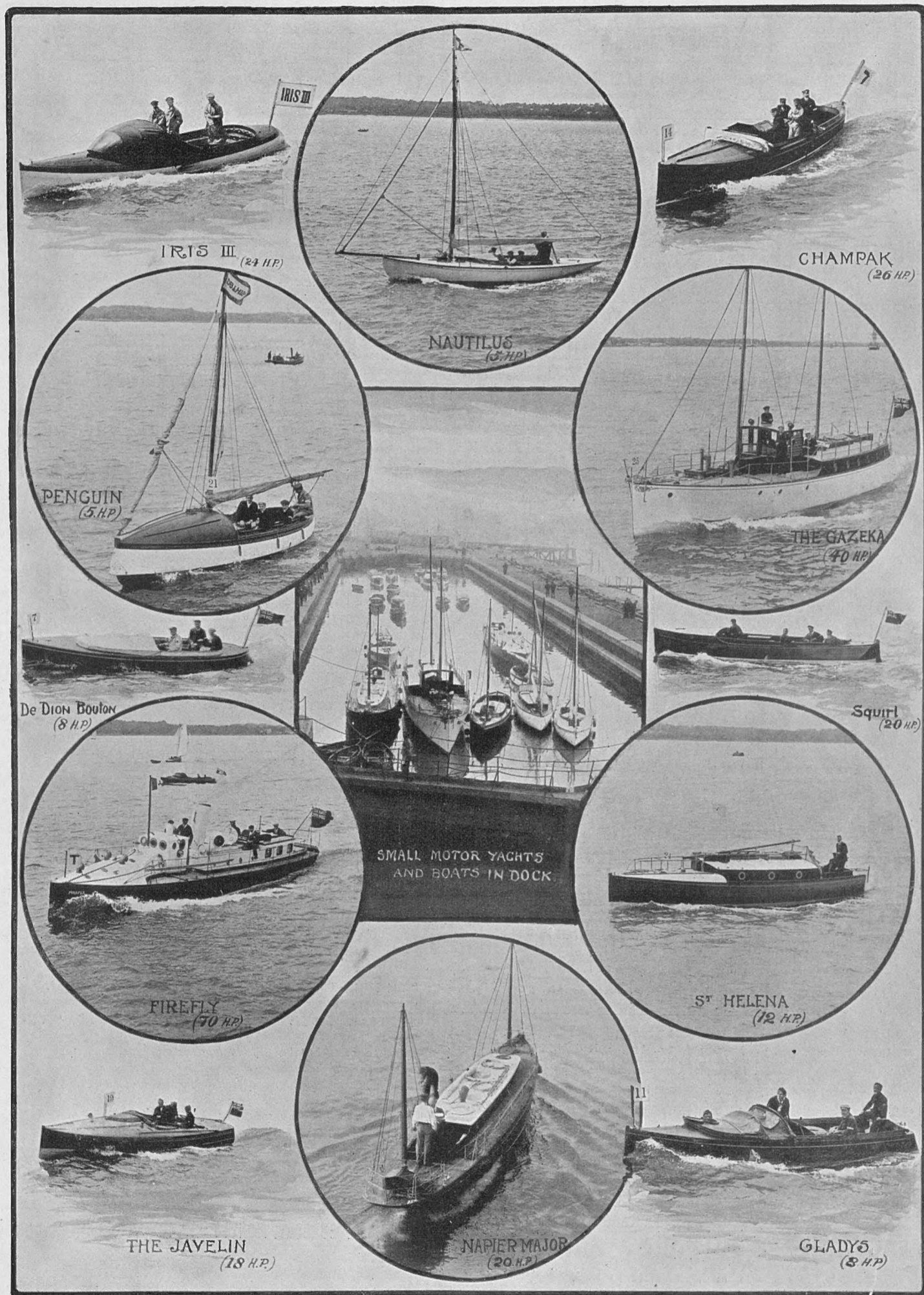


IS RIDING ASTRIDE TO BECOME FASHIONABLE AMONGST LADIES? MISS CHILD RIDING IN REGENT'S PARK.

It is hinted that riding astride is destined to become fashionable amongst ladies. There seems little reason, save prejudice, why it should not, for, obviously, it is safer than riding side-saddle, and certainly it is more comfortable.

Photographs by the Advance Agency

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

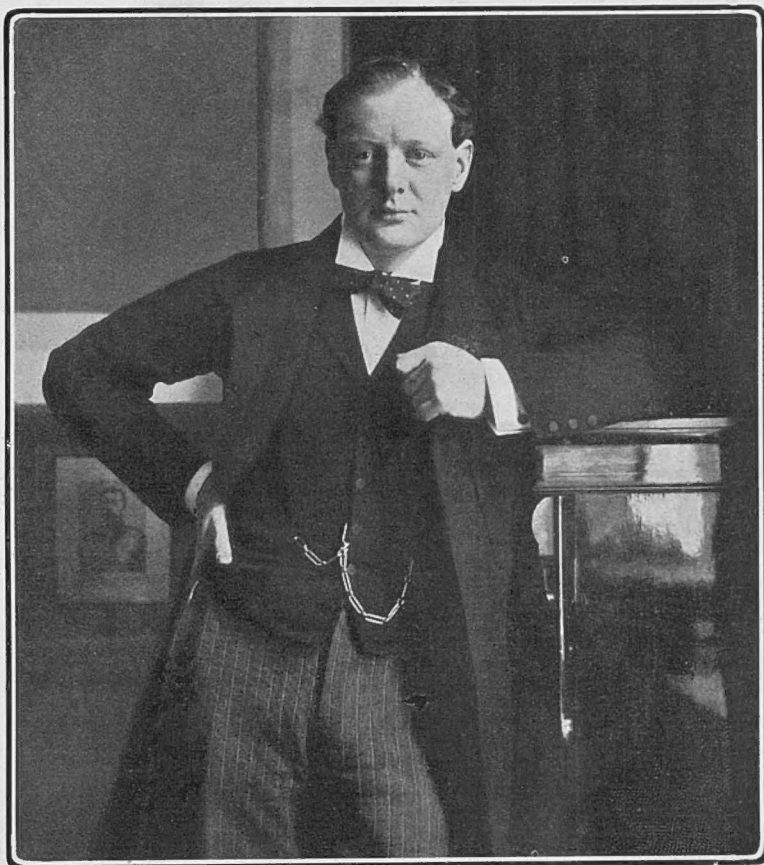
HIS MAJESTY has, naturally enough, felt it a wrench to part with the third battalion of the Scots Guards, which the Minister for War has found it necessary to disband as part of his scheme of army reorganisation. Although this gallant battalion is, or, rather, was, only six years old, it had become a familiar sight to Londoners. The scene of the Sovereign's farewell to Colonel Drummond and his men was

enthusiastic yachtsman. Princess Henry of Battenberg is now the Lady Paramount of the Isle of Wight, and many delightful gatherings take place at Osborne Cottage, which, in spite of its lowly name, is a commodious and beautiful

very touching, and the King's speech evidently came straight from his heart. As Prince of Wales, Edward VII. took a close interest in the Army, and since the accession his Majesty has concerned himself actively in all that affects the service, his wonderful knowledge of the past glories and present efficiency of each arm being the wonder of every officer who has had the honour of conversing with him on army matters.

Their Majesties in the Solent. The King and Queen's presence at Cowes, or rather in the Solent, makes all the difference to the most important of European regattas, and the fact that her Majesty has so far partially emerged from her retirement is a source of keen satisfaction to yachting society. As Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra was never happier than when she was spending a few days on the Royal Yacht, and some of the most charming early portraits of "the Sea King's daughter from over the Sea" show her in the neat serge gown and trim little sailor hat which she first made the fashion, and which remain the prettiest and most suitable of all yachting costumes.

More Royalties at Cowes. Their Majesties have not only welcomed their new nephew, the King of Spain, and his bride-Queen, but this week's informal maritime festival enables them to entertain the Khedive of Egypt, who has become an

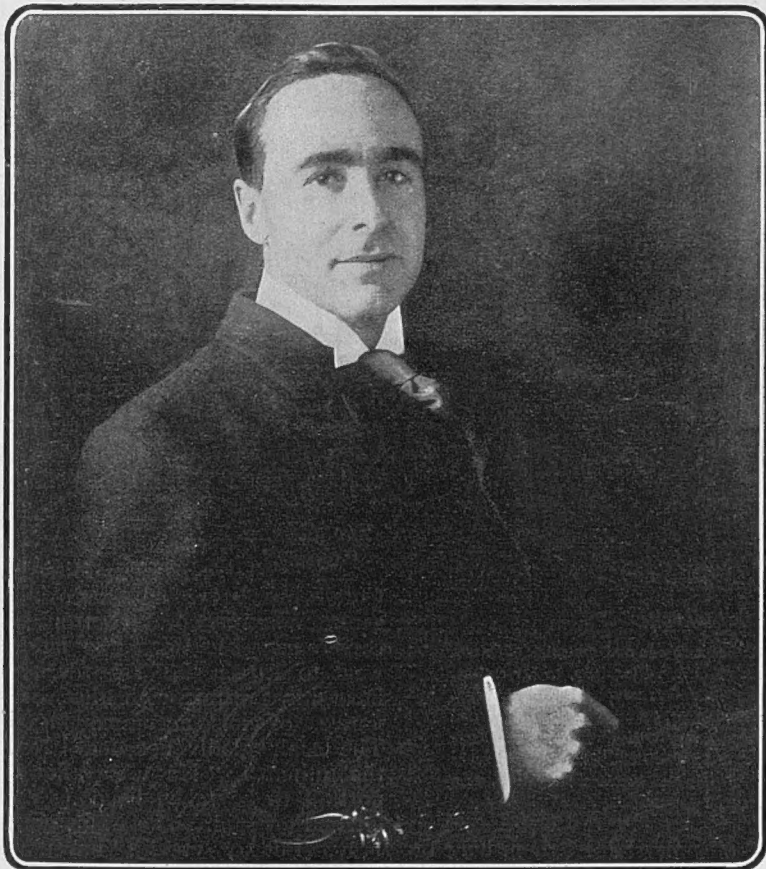


MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—OF ENGLAND—POLITICIAN AND PRESENT GOVERNOR?
Photograph by G. H. Mills.

house. The news that the Empress Eugénie intended to pay what has become an annual visit to the island gave much pleasure to many members of the R.Y.S.

Yachting Society. It has been said that yachting Society is a special caste, and certainly the same well-known names occur year after year in connection with the Cowes Week. Thus, this August Egypt House is again tenanted by Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. Lady Dorchester is entertaining at Hamlet Lodge, one of the most picturesque houses facing the Solent; Lady Gorst, whose splendid hospitalities last year are gratefully remembered in France as well as England, is hostess to a party of her own and her son's friends; and the Clan Guinness is splendidly represented. American millionaires are, as usual, present in considerable numbers, prominent among them being Mr. Armour. Many French yachtsmen now make a point of coming to Cowes each summer, and to them the King always shows himself "très bon Roi."

The Two Winstons. Two of the men most conspicuous in the foreground of public life at the present moment are the Winston Churchills. Ours has set the Empire ringing with his speech on the Transvaal Constitution; America's is the cynosure of eighty million pairs of eyes in the States on two accounts. He has just published a new novel which is acclaimed on the one hand as better than Thackeray's best; on the other, worse than Thackeray could have written at his worst. Moreover, he fills the eye of the politicians because he is a candidate for the Governorship of New Hampshire, of the Legislature of which he has for several years been an Independent Republican Member. Here is Lord Randolph's son at one-and-thirty, the most striking and picturesque figure in the Liberal party—a potential Premier; across the waters is his cognominal double, a man of thirty-four, aiming at a post which is a step upon the way of the man whose goal is the Presidency. Both are unmarried; both appeal to vast constituencies with the product of their pens; both have been war correspondents; both, in spite of their relative youth, are giants on the platform. It might be



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—OF AMERICA—NOVELIST AND FUTURE GOVERNOR?
Photograph by Gulliam's Press-Syndicate.

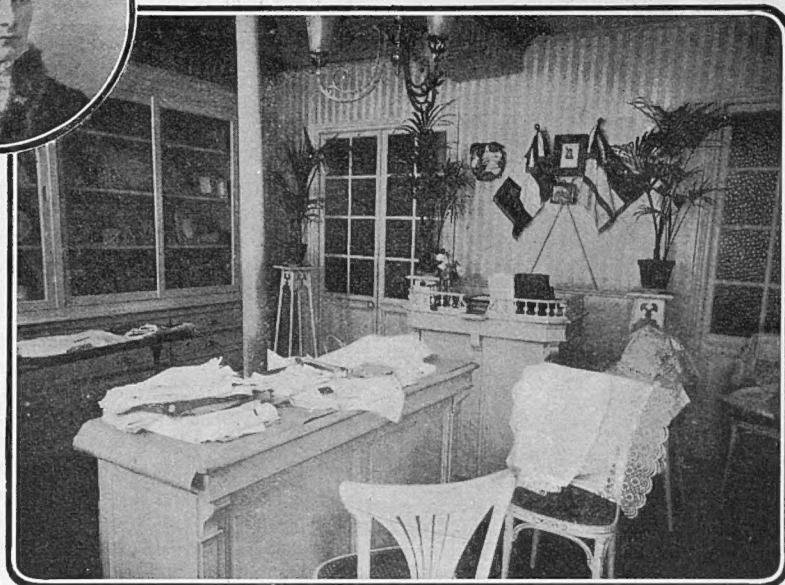
THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.

The ex-Queen of Naples has opened a shop in Paris, for the benefit of sufferers by the disastrous earthquake in Calabria, who, it will be remembered, were "benefitted" at Covent Garden last winter.

Lace, embroidery, and similar work by the women and girls of Calabria are on sale. The shop is under the personal supervision of the ex-Queen, who devotes much of her time to charitable works.



THE EXTERIOR OF 3, RUE SAINT ROCH, PARIS, OPENED BY MARIE SOPHIE, EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.



THE INTERIOR OF THE SHOP OPENED BY MARIE SOPHIE, EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES, IN AID OF CALABRIANS.

AN EX-QUEEN AS SHOP-KEEPER IN PARIS.

thought that the American Winston makes use of his first title that he may gain some overflow of fame from the English hero of that name. But that is not so; he is Winston Churchill, neither more nor less. Our Winston is also Leonard Spencer, so if difficulty as to identification should in the future arise, he has those additional marks of identification to which to appeal.

in which he introduced it was a model of brevity and lucidity. Mr. Sinclair, who is forty-six, springs from an old Caithness-shire family. He was A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and secretary to him as Governor-General of Canada, and he married the Earl's daughter two years ago. Lady Marjorie listened to his successful speech in the gallery.

The Penny in France. The traveller who arrives in France with a lot of English copper coins in his pockets is always much annoyed by the refusal of the French to accept English pence as payment. But now the authorities of Montreuil-sur-mer, a little place near Calais, have decided to accept English pennies and half-pennies as legal payment. The visitors at Montreuil-sur-mer are chiefly English artists, who spend the summer months sketching in the little town. It now only remains for some town on the English side to accept French coppers, and then *l'entente cordiale* will be complete.

The Gibraltar Monkeys. The monkeys of Gibraltar are of the greatest interest as the only representatives of the Bandar Log in Europe. They have always been taken care of by the owners of the Rock, Iberians, Phœnicians, Romans, Moors, Spaniards, and lastly ourselves. But the work of fortifying Gibraltar has disturbed them and left them but little room, and the newest works for the new batteries have, it is feared, caused them to disappear for good and all.

A Parliamentary Success. The latest Ministerial success of the Summer Session of the House of Commons has been that of Mr. Sinclair, Secretary for Scotland. To his friends he is "Jack," and to many members he is still Captain Sinclair, although he has dropped the military title. It was supposed that, although the most amiable of men, his appointment to high office was due to personal friendship on the part of the Prime Minister, to whom he formerly acted as a private secretary; but his Bill on the Scottish Land question is a very bold production; and the speech



MRS. T. WILSON MAPPIN.

Mrs. T. Wilson Mappin is an enthusiastic horsewoman and motorist. She was married only two weeks ago at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, to her cousin, who also is a relative of Sir Frederick Mappin, and is now on her honeymoon. At present her husband and herself are in Dieppe, and after visiting several of the other picturesque places of Normandy they will motor on to Switzerland, returning in September to their home in Sheffield. Mrs. Mappin, the eldest of three beautiful sisters, is a tall, stately and handsome brunette, who is noted for her smart gowns.

An Aggressive Parliamentarian. One of the most active Conservative members this Session has been the Hon. Claude Hay, fifth son of the eleventh Earl of Kinnoull. He has been always present, and has missed few chances of badgering the Government. A little group of aggressive men is gradually being formed on the Opposition side, and Mr. Claude Hay is one of its chief members. He was first secretary of the Primrose League. His business is that of a stockbroker, and he has a fancy for pictures and music. His chief hobby this summer has been Minister-baiting.

A New Pompeii. The excavations which have been going on in the island of Delos have resulted in the discovery of two buried cities, the sacred city and the commercial city. There have been unearthed hundreds of inscriptions which will enable us to write the history of these places, and to throw much light on the religions of the past. In a few years' time Delos will probably possess a city equal in interest to Pompeii itself, and far richer in relics of the religious life of ancient Greece.

The Camera "Fiend." The Bishop of Southwark will not be snapped; Miss Marie Corelli will, but only by her own consent. What a world of trouble the camera causes! When the late Amir went to Russia the Tsar desired to have his portrait with that of the native officials accompanying him. The Amir gladly acceded. Not so the others. "He who allows his portrait to be taken becomes an infidel," they said. The Amir, not then all-powerful, let them have their way. But how was he to account for the absence of his minions from the portrait when it came to the hand of the Tsar? His explanation was neat. He replied that they were not of sufficient importance to be photographed for the Tsar.



COUNTESS AND SHOPKEEPER:
COUNTRESS FABBRICOTTI WHO RUNS A BONNET
SHOP IN SOUTH MOLTON STREET.
Photograph by Bassano.

Coronets and Counters. The fact that Countess Fabbriotti has a shop in the West End is further evidence, if evidence were needed, that titles and trade are far from being divorced. Within the last few years many ventures have had for their responsible heads either representatives of the peerage or members of their families. In the list are to be found a registry for servants, conducted by a daughter of the late Lord Frederick Kerr; the uncle of a well-known peer has a thriving partridge-farm in Hungary; Lord Rendlesham's heir, like Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox, the late Lord Lionel Cecil, and a son of Viscount Bridport, and the Duke of Wellington, is interested in wine in the grape or in the bottle. A niece of Lord Strafford has been in the artistic needlework line; the most popular of luncheon and tea rooms were conducted by the wife and

daughters of Colonel Robertson, while Lady Hermione Blackwood was brilliantly successful as a nurse.

"Alice" in Real Life. Princess Alexander of Teck and her charming little daughter are nearer the throne than, in point of succession, they appear to be. The future Queen Consort is the Princess's sister-in-law, and aunt to the little royal maid who, with the King for godfather, was christened "May" after her. Princess Alexander, daughter of the late Duke of Albany, and sister of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, is essentially English. All sorts of stories of foreign aspirants to her hand were told before her engagement to Prince Alexander, but her marriage gave general satisfaction in England, where it had always been hoped that she might not have to leave the country to which she is so devotedly attached. She has literary tastes, and literally sat, as a girl, at the feet of Ruskin and



WIT, WEALTH, AND BEAUTY:
LADY CONSTANCE BUTLER, SISTER
OF LADY POLE-CAREW.
Photograph by Thomson.

was able to give her sister such social advantages as led eventually to her meeting and marrying Lord Newborough. Mrs. Chauncey is typically American in her cool nerve. Her maid and luggage were missing at York; she was advised to take a train which, she found, travelled in a wrong direction. Mrs. Chauncey pulled the communication-cord, stopped the train, sprang down on the metals, and walked back to the station whence she had just come.

Wit, Wealth, and Beauty. When Lady Beatrice Butler, now Lady Pole-Carew, first came out, Society went wild over her and declared her the loveliest girl in Britain. Now she has a rival in her younger sister, Lady Constance Butler, the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde. She has the same fairy grace as her sister, the same delightful complexion, the



THE DAUGHTER OF THE ROYAL ALICE
OF REAL LIFE: PRINCESS ALEXANDER
OF TECK'S BABY.
Photograph by J. Weston.

"Lewis Carroll." The latter delighted to read his romances to her, and the other members of the family; stories of "Alice in Wonderland" to the royal Alice of real life.

Hail, Columbia! One of the most charming of Americans who have made their home in London is Mrs. Sloan Chauncey, elder sister of Lady Newborough. She is a widow, and as, like her sister, she is to be met at most of the smart functions of the season, rumour is often busy spinning stories of august alliances for her. She is a daughter of the late Colonel Carr, U.S.A., whose death left his family in embarrassed circumstances. The beauty and simple charm of the elder girl so appealed to a fashionable physician of the day that he brought her up with his own daughters. She married a Brooklyn millionaire in the late Mr. Samuel Sloan Chauncey, and



ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING AMERICANS
IN LONDON: MRS. SLOAN CHAUNCEY.
Mrs. Chauncey, who is elder sister of Lady Newborough, and a widow, has made her home in London. She is to be met at most of the smart functions of the season.
Photograph by Histed.



A POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESS
WHO IS ENGAGED TO BE
MARRIED: MISS DELIA MASON.

Miss Mason is to wed Mr. Walter Wysard, of San Paulo, Brazil, youngest son of the Rev. Alex. and Mrs. Wysard. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mason, of Coventry.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

same sweet temperament, the sunny wit of her race. She is one of the best-dowered girls of her day, the late Lord Lismore having been specially generous in his testamentary disposition towards herself and sister. She has been reared at Kilkenny Castle, in an atmosphere almost regal, for her home has been often visited during her lifetime by members of royal families. But Lady Constance loves the simple life of the countryside, and, if it be your fortune to have her for guide, is certain to show you the monumental joke of the locality—a gorgeous Irish bull carved in imperishable characters upon the tombstone of "John Tool, in memory of his posterity."

The Haddo Wedding.

The Peerage has been ennobled again and again by the inclusion of members of a less elevated social order, and Lord Haddo, in marrying Mrs. Cockayne, widow of a wealthy Sheffield merchant, has followed illustrious precedents. Many of our oldest families have



MAD OR SANE? THE MARQUESS OF TOWNSHEND ON HIS WAY TO LINCOLN'S INN OLD HALL.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

and pins formed the nucleus of the great business of which he is now the head. Lord Justice Tenterden never did himself greater honour than when he took his son to a little place outside Canterbury Cathedral and said, "In that shed your grandfather used to shave for a penny; it is the proudest reflection of my life."

A Mayfair Idyll. It was as boy and girl that the Duke and Duchess of Westminster first fell in love and vowed that, come what might, they would some day marry. Cold water was thrown upon the idyll by the late Duke of Westminster. Colonel Cornwallis-West's younger daughter was a great beauty, and her father head of a tremendously ancient family, but—well there was no title in the family, while the swain, moreover, was very youthful. So the young people waited. The old Duke died, and the boy of twenty, his own father being dead, became second Duke and his own master. At once the engagement, denied the previous year, was made known, and the sister of



The Marquess.

The Marchioness.

THE INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE MARQUESS OF TOWNSHEND'S MIND: THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS ON THEIR WAY TO THE COURT.

Photograph by Park.



PERSONAL ATTENDANTS ON THE TSARITSA: HER MAJESTY'S LADIES-IN-WAITING "SNAP-SHOTTED" WHILE ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.

gained virility, wisdom, and wealth by such alliances. Such a marriage was to be expected of a thorough-going democrat like the future Earl of Aberdeen. No less a man of action than a student and a politician, he is a practical engineer and a farmer who knows more than the rudiments necessary to enable him to plough, to sow, to reap and mow, and employ many a farmer's boy. Lady Haddo has for some time had a charming home in London, and is no stranger to Society. May the marriage prove as happy as many of those of similar character that have preceded it! The Earls of Essex are not the less proud of their lineage because it was founded by a draper, those of Warwick because the head of their line was a wool-stapler. Lord Lansdowne is unashamed of the ancestor who once was so poor that he was glad to fare no worse than upon pennyworths of walnuts. The "proud Percys" trace back to an apothecary, and Sir George Faudel-Phillips points with honest pride to the little place in which a tiny stock of beads



DRUMS THAT COST OVER £1,000: A DRUMMER OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS WITH HIS INSTRUMENTS.

Photograph by Chas. Knight.

Princess Henry of Pless became the second Duchess of Westminster. She is a brunette, a beautiful contrast to the lily fairness of her sister, the Princess. She has musical talent, rides and drives superbly, has some of the finest jewels in the world, and is not the least bit aggressive from the fact that she is the wife of the richest landlord in Britain. Flattery and adulation do not turn her head. She has perceptive faculties as ready as those of the first Duchess, who was tested upon a memorable occasion. She was at a gathering at which the Shah of Persia was the principal guest. His eyes lighted up with a gleam as of recognition as she was presented to him. For a moment his air of Oriental imperturbability left him as he said with great impressiveness, "Ah, your fame has already extended to Teheran." The Duchess gravely bowed and preserved her composure, but whispered as the Shah passed on, "Good heavens! the man takes me for Westminster Abbey!" which was literally the case.

THE FUTURE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



LADY HADDO, WHOSE WEDDING TO THE ELDEST SON OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN
TOOK PLACE LAST MONDAY.

Lady Haddo was Mrs. Cockayne, widow of a wealthy Sheffield merchant. She has lived in London for some time, and is well-known to Society. Lord Haddo is twenty-seven
Photograph by Thomson. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



BY ERNEST. A. BRYANT.

In Time of Sport and Peril.

Members of the London District Rifle Association are at Bisley to-day receiving well-won prizes. The excellence of their work is the best of evidence that they are not of the same stamp with a certain man who undertook to form a village rifle corps, under the patronage of the great landlady in whose service he was engaged as gamekeeper. He had been a soldier, and was the very man for the task; but then he was a very good gamekeeper, and knew the way of birds. And it

flashed upon him, "Suppose there should be an invasion while the birds are sitting!" The thought was intolerable: he forthwith threw up volunteering. From quite different motives, no doubt, another corps adopted the motto of a feudal fighting band, mercenaries assembled about the standard of one of the petty German kinglets. This motto, when it came to be translated for the Volunteers, proved to be, "Give peace in our time, O Lord!"

A Blackmailer and the Unexpected.

In a recent case of blackmailing, for which the two offenders are now undergoing imprisonment, the victim bought off his persecutors before putting his back to the wall and defying them. There are various ways of dealing with this sort of thing, and perhaps the best was Diderot's. To him there came a literary ne'er-do-well, with the usual story and appeal. Diderot was among the most generous of men, but he wished, before answering his visitor's prayer, to see some proof of the ability which, the complaint was, a cruel world passed by unheeding. There was a moment of embarrassing silence, then the suppliant produced from his pocket the only piece of work he had in existence. Diderot glanced it over: it was a vicious lampoon of—himself. He did not kick his caller out; he took the manuscript, added an illuminating touch here and there, wrote for it a dedication to the then Duke of Orleans, and sent the man away rejoicing. The manuscript sold at once for four-and-twenty louis, and all the world was roses for the man who had contemplated blackmail.

A Man who Lives on Blue Books.

Let those iconoclasts beware who threaten to stop the half-million a year which, more or less, is spent upon Blue Books. There be vested interests attaching. There is a man in London who lives on Blue Books. He prints not, neither does he read them. He buys them, a sackful at a time, for the price of a poor man's meal. He catalogues and stores them, and if you go to him for information upon any subject treated of in Blue Books, from the time that Blue Books first began, he has them ready for you—at half the published price. When you have made such references as you need, he will buy them back—at waste-paper prices, and the next man buys again at half the published figure. Blue Books pay his heavy rent, the work of one or two men, and keep him handsomely. Another man has waxed fat and prosperous out of old magazines bought and sold upon the like terms. The second-hand book trade is departmentalised in the same way. One man takes nothing but mountaineering works; another specialises on medical works; a whole colony lives upon aged law-books; while a man with a huge corner shop in one of the best thoroughfares is rapidly making a fortune out of—old directories and elderly peerages.

The Crowning Infamy.

"We must finish before August 12," said one of our Judges in a *cause célèbre* the other day, and in their hearts the rest of his learned brethren have echoed the saying. But some of them may not take their vacation uninterrupted. An injunction may be sought wheresoever a Judge takes rest for the moment. Hansom cabs, railway trains, and steamships have been among the places converted from their ordinary calling into courts of law. One Judge was swimming in a river, wearing no more than our first father wore, when a boatload of litigants swooped down upon him. Sherwood Forest was falling fast before the axe of the then Duke of Newcastle; the applicants must have an injunction. The Judge—it was Sir Lancelot Shadwell—trod water while he listened to the application, took a dive under the boat while he thought it over, came up on the other side, and granted it. How some Judges view intrusions upon their leisure we may gather from the concluding remarks of a famous old-timer on the Scottish Bench as he sentenced burglars. He enumerated the various counts of their indictment and foamed out, "All this you did, and, God preserve us, just as when they were settin' doon to their dinner!"

"You Never Can Tell."

The proposal that boys shall be forbidden to smoke appears to meet with the approval of everybody but the boys themselves. They lie low and say nothing. It is a way boys have, and always had. Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, invoked the aid of a sweep for a smoky chimney, when living in the Temple. Two boys were sent along, and up the chimney they went. An hour passed, and the poor little chaps did not return. Two others of the calling were sent up to rescue them. But these two, like the first, failed to reappear. In an agony of apprehension the poet at last insisted that the sweep himself should procure a ladder and make search. At least, the dead bodies should be brought down for decent interment. Up went the gentleman in black, and presently they heard his call, "'Ere they are, the idle little rats, a-settin' on the chimbley, playin' 'a'penny nap." And they were.

Our Royal Families.

The question of the succession to the throne of Holland suggests a glance at some of the other thrones of Europe. Hungary is ruled by an Austrian, to whose royal house belongs the mother of the reigning King of Spain. The Danish royal family is German, as are those of Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece. The Swedes have for their King a Bernadotte of French descent. The German Emperor is in the line of succession to the British throne, so were Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial, so to-day is the Duke of Orleans, the former through George II., the latter through the Queen of Bohemia. If all men had had their due, that son of the Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, who became the wife of Napoleon's brother, Jerome—that little son, who was born in Camberwell, would in turn have been King of Westphalia. The present Secretary of the United States Navy, Mr. Charles Jerome Bonaparte, is the son of that boy born in Camberwell, and grandson of King Jerome.



WHITE BLACKBERRIES: THE "ICEBERG."

The white blackberry here illustrated was grown by a well-known breeder of new fruits and flowers. It was, of course, obtained by crossing, one of the parents being the Lawton blackberry. The new plant is as hardy and as productive as the old variety, and the berries are abundant and large.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepherson.



LONDON INVADED BY THE DUTCH!

Thirty or forty Dutchmen, wearing their native costume, are now in London distributing bills advertising cheap trips to the Netherlands. Our photograph, which shows one of the younger members of the party, was taken in Piccadilly.

Photograph by the Advance Agency.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A TUNNEL GUARDED BY WHITE MICE; THE ARLBERG TUNNEL, THROUGH WHICH TRAVELLERS PASS ON THEIR WAY TO TYROL.
The Arlberg Tunnel, which is six miles and three-eighths long, is guarded with the greatest care. Not only is it patrolled several times a day, but white mice are kept in it so that any bad change of atmosphere may be called attention to by their squeaking. Mice form part of the crew of our submarines, and have similar duties. They notice changes much more quickly than human beings.



CRUCIFIED FOR BURGLING A WITCH-DOCTOR'S HOUSE; BURMA'S METHOD OF PUNISHING THIEVES.

Burma is not an easy country for the thief—when caught. The native justices have unpleasant little ways of dealing with malefactors, ways that recall the Inquisition and like institutions. The method of crucifixion here illustrated was devised to punish men daring enough to burgle a witch-doctor's house. They were left so until death released them.



FEEDING A BOA CONSTRICTOR WHO WOULD NOT EAT.
The boa constrictor who is being fed refused to eat, and persisted in the refusal. The result was the scene here illustrated, and a "forced" meal.



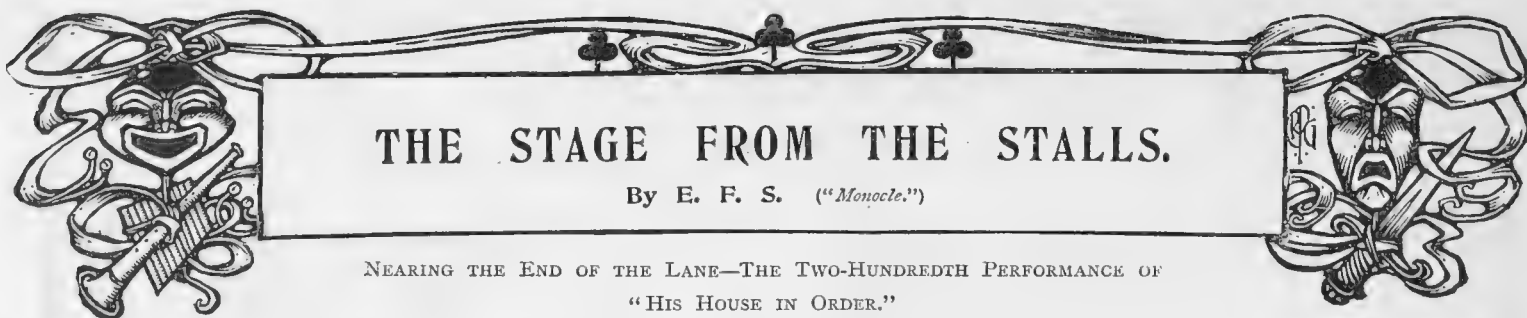
THE MERMAID AS SHE IS; THE DUGONG.
The dugong, which is an aquatic herbivorous mammal of the order Sirenia, is supposed to have given rise to the myth of the mermaid.



FRENCH SOLDIERS BURYING THEIR "TERM OF SERVICE."
Our photograph shows French soldiers holding a mock funeral on the expiration of their term of forced service.



CRAWLING UNDER A TOMB TO CURE DISEASE.
Breton peasants believe that by crawling beneath the tomb of St. Yves they will be cured of disease.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

NEARING THE END OF THE LANE—THE TWO-HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF
"HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

WE seem almost to have reached the end of the lane. At the present moment, according to the useful and sometimes rather comical "Entertainment Guide" in the *Tribune*, twelve London playhouses are open. Six of them are occupied by musical plays; at the Lyric grand opera in English is being presented; and five are left to keep alive the spirit of English drama, two of them by means of American productions, one of them by a version of a French piece and a sensational *lever de rideau*, and there remain "You Never Can Tell" and "His House in Order," which now has reached the dignity of a two hundredth performance. The long lane seems to have no turning for a little while to come; indeed, so far as one can learn from the busy paragraphists, August is not to be honoured by the presentation of a single new legitimate drama. I wonder why. The evenings are growing cooler, the sun sets before eight o'clock ere July is over, London can hardly be called empty with Parliament sitting and the Law Courts open; and even when these babble-shops are closed only the observer of one or two particular districts would notice that the monstrous

when Miss Irene Vanbrugh deserted the cast favour did not go with her, and Miss Jean Stirling McKinley, a talented young actress, in some aspects recalling to many of us her mother Antoinette Stirling, one of the greatest favourites of the English-speaking public, succeeded in delighting good houses by her clever presentation of poor Nina. Miss Vanbrugh, of course, came back again for the two hundredth performance, and almost every member of the original cast was able to be present, so that a performance could be given which even after our debauch of admirable acting by the French companies at the New Royalty seems remarkable. "His House in Order" has enjoyed the honour of much careful criticism: cons. and pros have been urged concerning nearly every important point. This at first sight seems like an allegation of a defect, in reality it is evidence of interest. People do not bother to discuss the mediocre, they quarrel over what they deem to be very good or are confident is very bad. They try to pick holes in masterpieces, or to prick bubbles, but no one is disturbed by works of average quality. Some say that the Ridgeleys are caricatures of the Puritans, people not unlikely to



MR. J. L. TOOLE IN MIDDLE LIFE

MR. J. L. TOOLE AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

Mr. John Lawrence Toole, the famous comedian, was born on March 12, 1832, and died at Brighton on Tuesday of last week after a very long illness. He made his first appearance as a professional actor at Ipswich, where, in 1852, he played under the name of John Laver; his last in December, 1896, in "Dot" and "The Birthplace of Podgers."

(See "Heard in the Green-Room.")

beehive is less crowded than usual. There are more strangers, fewer inhabitants, that is all the difference. The "swagger" hotels may be a little slack, the less extravagant are doing double business. One wonders whether the theatres give up the fight for custom owing to any other reason than that of custom.

At least, it is agreeable to see that the stranger can find two English entertainments well worthy of London in the five playhouses still striving. "His House in Order" is not Pinero's masterpiece, nor would one select "You Never Can Tell" as the triumph of "G. B. S.," but each piece is creditable to the Metropolis, even if the author of one of them seems to bear a foreign name, whilst Mr Shaw comes from the irreconcilable island. It is an article of belief in Paris, an *article de Paris*, that the truest Parisian is born outside the fortifications, and the genuine Londoner, who must not be confounded with the Cockney, is generally an invader of the capital: like old Blücher, he says, "What a city to sack!" and he sacks.

One of the most hopeful features of the season is the success of "His House in Order," which, like "Charley's Aunt," is still running, though, fortunately, it resembles that work in few other respects. On the first night, there were not many prophecies of great popularity. The play seemed rather too bitter and inconclusive, and the story about the "oreilles d'agneau farcies" and the unfortunate Adolphe appeared likely to be fatal; but the qualities of the play—I know that as a professional journalist I ought to say the *sterling* qualities of the play—have triumphed. Even

hold sway again over Merrie England; others declare them to be true pictures with merely the vigour of light and shade necessary on the stage. All agree that they are vastly amusing and admirably presented. What more perfect study of character can be imagined than that of Mr. Lyall Swete as the humble, oppressive parvenu? How could you alter the Geraldine of Miss Beryl Faber without doing harm? What nicer picture of the educated cad has been presented to us than Pryce Ridgely as acted by Mr. C. M. Lowne? Nor could we have a much clearer concept of the super-virtuous, acid British matron than Miss Bella Pateman as Lady Ridgeley offers to us.

What a fine contrast is furnished by the other group—the Jesson family, with Nina as a hapless intruder! Poor Nina, the girl full of natural gaiety, rather pagan in spirit, is one of the most touching of Mr. Pinero's pictures, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh has an almost "Lord Quex" triumph in it, just falling a little short because there is not quite the hard brilliance in Nina that there was in Sophie Fullgarney. Filmer, perhaps, is the weak spot in the play—or rather, Filmer and the means of turning the young wife to Christian feeling are the weak spots; yet credit must be given to Mr. Herbert Waring for an excellent performance. The Hilary—descendant, perhaps, of the friend of the family adroitly used by Dumas *fils*—is not drawn as finely as some of the others: the more noteworthy, then, Mr. George Alexander's skill in his treatment of the dangerous Adolphe speech and the one concerning the cigarette, and the ease of style shown by him in handling the rather officious, talkative ex-diplomatist so as to keep the audience interested and entertained in the lighter scenes, as well as moved by the strong passages after the discovery.

PITY THE POOR MUSICIAN



AN UNAPPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THIRSTY WEATHER!



THE GENTLEMAN ON THE HILL: Had any breakfast?
THE GENTLEMAN ON THE FENCE: Not a drop!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LATEST CRAZE AMONG AMERICAN MOTORISTS.



25 MILES AN HOUR THROUGH WATER: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY METHOD OF FORDING A STREAM.

"The latest craze among American motorists," writes the correspondent who sends us the photograph reproduced above, "is to dash across streams and ponds that happen to be in their path on their motor cars. The photograph depicts a car crossing a stream at the rate of 25 miles an hour." It was taken in $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepstone.

"IT'S ALL RIGHT IN THE SUMMER TIME."



MISS VESTA VICTORIA IN AGREEMENT WITH HER FAMOUS SONG.

Miss Vesta Victoria, who is at present singing two exceedingly popular songs—"Waiting at the Church" and "Summer Blouses"—has been on the "Halls" for some eighteen years. Amongst her greatest successes have been "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow" and "It's All Right in the Summer Time."

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

THE WIFE OF OUR RICHEST LANDLORD.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

The Duchess, who was Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, was married to the Duke of Westminster, the richest landlord in Great Britain, in 1901.

Photograph by Lafayette. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

(A CONTINUATION OF "THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.")



IV.—LASSOING WILD CATERpillars IN HYDE PARK.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WANTED: A RIVAL.

MR. DOWNIE came often: much too often, Nan Fisher thought. She could not bear blonde men, and he had straight, yellow hair, which he parted in the middle and wore in that peculiar streaky way which shows the passage of the teeth of the comb. He had also pink cheeks, was slightly inclined to be fat, and was very deaf in his left ear—the ear which was, of course, next to Nan when he took her for a drive, a thing he did with the utmost regularity on every Thursday afternoon.

Something had to be done about it!

Now, Nan was a Southern girl, and to a Southern girl "something" in such an emergency means the introduction of a rival. This was, however, as she explained, an "off" summer with her. She had not a "beau" in Petersham. Of course, there were men—plenty of them—in the neighbouring plantations who rode over sometimes; but a man who comes "sometimes" is of no use as a rival to a man who comes "often." So Nan was forced to invent, but she meant to avoid telling any fibs—if possible.

It was during Mr. Downie's Tuesday night call that she asked him casually—"Did you happen to meet Mr. Pilschner as you came up the road?" She spoke into his deaf ear. Really, he was bearable only at the dinner-table. She had to repeat the name twice: "Pilschner, Pilschner. I asked if you happened to meet him coming out as you came in. 'Who is he?' Oh, just a friend in whom I am interested. 'A Southerner?' No, I think a Northerner. 'Then you don't see why he's a friend of mine!' Don't you think that is a trifle prejudiced? 'What does he look like?' Oh, he's dark, very dark, and very tall and thin. I wish, if you see him at the club, or on the links, or anywhere, you would ask for an introduction to him. I don't know much about him, but he interests me, and I would like you two to meet."

When Mr. Downie went—he left half an hour earlier that night—Nan sat down to write letters. There was a girl in New York who prided herself on knowing everyone, and there was a man now at the Ponce de Leon who had knocked around the world a good deal. She would try them both. To Florence Vanderpoel she wrote—

MY DEAR SOCIAL REGISTER,—Who is Mr. Pilschner—I think his initial is R—a tall, dark man who says clever things, and is interesting Petersham and your humble friend a good deal? Do you know him? Will he pass muster? Shall I let him come to see me? By your fiat he stands or falls.—Trusting, NAN.

To the man who knew the world a bit she sent the following note—

The Cherub's visits are interrupted in their steady sequence. I am on the verge of nervous prostration, talked out, smiled out, thought out! It is my move now. What do you know of a certain Mr. Pilschner, said to be staying in Petersham? He must be proved attractive, and I must have a reason for being nice to him. Your inventive genius never failed you yet. I throw myself on your mercy.—Your expectant friend, NAN FISHER.

In due time their answers arrived. She was enduring the Thursday afternoon penance with Mr. Downie, and as they turned a corner she leaned from the carriage and gave her prettiest, merriest nod.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat a minute too late. "I didn't notice anyone pass us."

"I'm sorry," she replied sweetly. "You seem fated to miss Mr. Pilschner."

Mr. Downie bit his lip and turned the horse at a dangerously short curve. He was round the corner and gazing down the long, empty road in an instant.

"Are you sure," he asked drily, "that Mr. Pilschner really exists?"

Nan had not given him credit for so much perspicacity.

"Julia Cameron lives in the first house to the right, and Alice Calderwell in the second," she answered. "I'm not the *only* girl in Petersham. If you think he's a myth, see what Mr. Harter has to say about him," and she handed him the letter from St. Augustine.

So Pilschner has turned up in Petersham! He's a first-rate fellow, even if he seems a bit of a rough diamond. We were comrades in the late unpleasantness with Spain, and after my knowledge of him at that time I would gladly introduce him to any woman who can read below the surface. He's plucky and upright and clever. If you can be nice to him and let him see something of you, I'd regard it as a personal favour and credit it on the long list of kindnesses shown by your family to mine.

Florence Vanderpoel had written—

Reginald Pilschner, if that's the man you mean, is a Yale man and a brilliant electrician, though of a roving disposition. I am never surprised to hear of his being anywhere. His name suggests a German Jew, but he will make it famous, and it will be worth having. Is it information on that particular line you want?

Nan had not meant to show that last sentence to Mr. Downie, and her cheeks went even pinker than his as he read it through.

"His existence seems *more* than vouched for," he said, as he handed back the letters. "I've not much use for a rolling-stone myself."

"Nor I for a moss-grown one," answered Nan hotly, and their drive ended in silence.

Mr. Downie came next Tuesday, however, and Saturday and Thursday again. "Jane, I can't see him," Nan declared to her sister. "Go and play cribbage with him, read the 'Faerie Queene' to him,

tell him anything, only spare me!" Jane departed obediently, and Nan stood at the head of the stairs to listen.

"You see, she's quite tired out," Jane was saying. "She played golf with Mr. Pilschner all the early forenoon, sang duets with him, and later drove with him, so she asks if you will excuse her." Here Nan in her emotion knocked over a chair on the landing.

"Oh, she's fainting," exclaimed the ever-ready Jane, and was up the stairs in an instant.

"Jane, you mustn't *lie*," whispered Nan reprovingly.

"And *you* must keep quiet," answered Jane severely. "I'm managing things now."

A few minutes later she returned. "He couldn't stay," she said complacently. "He only called to leave a box of candy. It's mine. I earned it, didn't I, every bite?"

"You darling!" was Nan's response.

Mr. Downie failed to pay his two next visits at the regular times. Then Jane spied his horse turning up the long drive. She walked over to the room in which the unconscious Nan was sitting, and deliberately turned the key on the outside of the door. Then she greeted Mr. Downie on the piazza. She talked volubly on every subject save one. At last he got an opportunity. "Your sister, is she at home?" he inquired.

"Haden't you heard the news?" exclaimed Jane in surprise. "In Petersham one person's business seems to be everybody's, and gossip fairly flies. Nan is away, nursing Mr. Pilschner. He's down with brain-fever, and someone *had* to take care of him until they could get a nurse from Baltimore. We seemed to be the people who knew most about him here, and so Nan regarded the work as her positive duty, and took old Dinah and went over there. I suppose she'll be kept busy for some time to come. Even after the nurse arrives he's sure to need cheering up; brain-fever is so depressing. Of course, it is a great effort, but you must look after your friends' friends, and Ned Harter keeps writing such long letters about him from St. Augustine, telling of all the splendid things he did in Cuba in the War."

When Mr. Downie left, Jane unlocked the door upon her second victim.

"Nan, I've imperilled my immortal soul on your behalf. I have told so many fibs and such big ones that I must have forced the Recording Angel to make the entries in shorthand just to keep the pace. Now you must do exactly as I tell you, for I won't lie for nothing. For the next two weeks you are not to be seen. You are, you must clearly understand, nursing Mr. Reginald Pilschner through a severe attack of brain-fever. Dinah is helping you and a nurse is ordered from Baltimore. Consequently, as far as social opportunities go, you do not exist. This is a grand opportunity for you to pay that long-planned visit to Aunt Katherine in Dawsonville, and you must start on the six-thirty train to-morrow morning. I'll drive you over, and after that I shall wash my hands of you and your persistent admirer. I think I've set the wheels moving in the right direction. It's for you to keep the machine headed straight and to prevent an explosion."

So to the six-thirty train the merciless Jane drove her sister and waited with her restless horse at a safe distance from the station to witness her departure. She drew a breath of relief as she heard the sound of the approaching engine, for she had expected Nan to be rebellious at the last—Dawsonville was as dreary as the steppes of Russia or a boomed-out Western town. Her joy was short-lived, however, for at that instant past her dashed the well-known dog-cart with the sorrel mare and the Downie livery. For the only time in her experience of him, Mr. Downie was seen to hurry. He jumped successfully for the rear platform as the train slid out of the station.

"Thank goodness, it's the smoker, and he has probably had no breakfast," ejaculated Jane. "But the platform at the Dawsonville Junction is on the shady side. Ten to one he sees Nan get out—and the train waits there ten minutes. Well, if she fusses things now she deserves to have to marry him," she concluded grimly.

The Downie's groom was passing her now, and he pulled his horse up suddenly in surprise.

"I was to deliver this note, Miss, at the house," he said, and handed her a gilt-crested, pale-blue missive. Jane waved it to and fro to dispel the odour of musk before she read it.

MY DEAR MISS FISHER [it ran],—I have finally decided to accept an offer made to me by a firm in Baltimore, and the lateness of my decision renders it necessary for me to leave Petersham without an opportunity of coming to bid your family farewell. Will you express to your father and sister and accept for yourself my most sincere thanks for the hospitality you have always extended to me.—Sincerely yours, SAMUEL FAIRLEIGH DOWNIE.

Nan never vouchsafed the slightest information as to what happened on that ride to Dawsonville, and Jane has never dared to broach the subject. Ned Harter, however, summoned north from Florida, says that he regards Mr. Downie as his greatest benefactor. He declares that his fiancée would never have come to the point of giving a definite answer to his oft-repeated question if it had not been for that combination of D's—Downie, Desperation, Dawsonville, and Dulness.

THE END.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MR. TOMKINS.

BY WARD MUIR.

"NOW you've got to have one with me," said the red-faced man. "No, really, thanks. I—I must be going for my train."

The youth's whisky-and-soda had hardly been touched.

"Nonsense. Plenty of time. Drink that up and have another." The red-faced man would not be denied. "Miss!" he signalled to the barmaid—"two more drops of Scotch and a soda divided."

The youth gulped his liquor hastily and pushed his empty glass across the counter to be refilled. He stifled a yawn.

"Not all the soda in mine, Miss Jameson, please," said the red-faced man.

The barmaid jerked the wire from the soda-water bottle with a deft twist of a corkscrew. "Don't be afraid I'll drown it, Mr. Tomkins," she said. "Half-and-half is how you like yours, I know."

"So you ought to, my dear, with me such an old customer," said Mr. Tomkins. "These fifteen years I've looked in here almost every night of my life. I can remember this bar before—nearly before you were born, I suppose."

"Fifteen years, and you haven't got over that thirst of yours yet!" The barmaid shook her head reproachfully.

Mr. Tomkins grinned. "My young friend here," he said, "is only beginning to learn what a thirst means."

The barmaid bestowed an interested stare upon the youth. Mr. Tomkins interpreted it in his own fashion. "Allow me to introduce my young friend, Jack West," he said effusively. "Jack West—Miss Cora Jameson."

Miss Jameson nodded. West took off his hat. He had witnessed several such introductions, so murmured what he knew to be the correct formula: "Pleased to meet you, Miss Jameson."

"Miss Jameson does you the honour to add the name of West to the long list of friends who are hospitably received in the station-bar between the hours of nine and twelve p.m.," said Mr. Tomkins.

Miss Jameson smiled vaguely, but did not endorse the statement.

"When you've been a patron of this bar for fifteen years, as I have," said Mr. Tomkins, "you'll know what it is to have at least one place on earth where a welcome awaits a man. Hullo!"—his eye had wandered to the clock—"I'm afraid your train has gone, West. Never mind. Have another Scotch to pass the time."

Miss Jameson leant quickly forward. "That clock's five minutes fast," she said. "If you run, you'll catch your train still, Mr. West."

West looked at his watch, and then looked at Miss Jameson. "I believe you're right," he exclaimed. "Good-bye, Tomkins. Good night, Miss Jameson!" He hastened from the bar.

Half an hour later—having seen Mr. Tomkins issue forth and hail a hansom—West returned.

The bar was empty, and Miss Jameson was cleaning glasses, in leisurely fashion. She did not seem surprised at West's reappearance.

"So you missed your train after all?" she said.

"Why did you tell me that clock was fast?" he inquired.

"Isn't it fast?"

"Of course not. You knew it wasn't. You knew I'd missed my train. You wanted me to go. Why?"

"Rude boy!" Miss Jameson feigned a coquettish playfulness.

West was patient. He put his elbows on the counter and rested his chin on his hands. "Excuse my curiosity," he said, "but I do wish you'd tell me why you wanted me to go."

"You'll miss your next train if you don't take care."

"No. There's only one train every hour at this time of night. Unless I'm much mistaken, you knew that, too. I knew I'd missed my train—"

"Then why did you run for it?"

"Because I could see you intended me to."

"What nonsense—"

"It's not nonsense. I came back as soon as I'd seen old Tomkins go, in order to thank you."

"To thank me?"

"Frankly, yes."

Miss Jameson put down the glass she had been polishing. "Do you know you're very young, Mr. West?" she said.

West shrugged his shoulders. "May I have another whisky?"

Miss Jameson shot a rapid glance of uncertainty at him. Then she smiled. "No," she said; "you mayn't. There's no need for that sort of silliness—"

"I thought not. So we understand each other."

"Understand each other?"

"I know why you sent me to catch a train which had gone. You know I know. See? And I find that I have a new friend, if you will allow me to say so, Miss Jameson."

"I've no objection, I'm sure," said Miss Jameson, flippantly.

"Oh, you can pretend as much as you like," persisted West. "But I guessed you were only meaning to do me a good turn when you gave me an excuse to clear out. You saw I was bored—to put

the thing on its lowest plane. You saw that I'm not very edified with the company of that whisky-tipling old fool Tomkins—"

"Look here," said Miss Jameson energetically, "you can come into my bar if you like, and talk to me, but you aren't going to call Mr. Tomkins a fool—not in my hearing."

West raised his eyebrows. "Then I guessed wrong—?"

"No, you didn't guess wrong," retorted Miss Jameson. Her colour had heightened. "You guessed right when you guessed I wanted to give you a chance to get out of here. I liked your face, and—well, I've seen a lot of that sort of game: 'Have a drink with me'—'This is my turn'—'Another drop of Scotch for the sake of old times'—" Miss Jameson bitterly mimicked her customers—"I'm dead tired of hearing men talk like that; and I took it into my head that I'd be sorry to see you starting the same style—and not willingly, either, to judge by the looks of you. There's plenty of noodles who don't know better; but you"—Miss Jameson hesitated—"anyway, I gave you your chance, so, there!"

"And I thank you for it, Miss Jameson," said West.

"But I won't let you call Mr. Tomkins a fool—even if he is a fool," Miss Jameson responded illogically. "He's a special friend of mine."

"Then I beg your pardon."

"Oh, you're young—younger than me," said Miss Jameson. "You mayn't think you're younger than me. You look at my frizzed hair and my kid's face and you think I see nothing of the world because I can't mix with people the way you do. But I watch things from behind my counter; and you'll get to know some day that if a man like poor old Mr. Tomkins hasn't got brains like yours, he may not be a fool."

"Forgive me," said West—"but I gathered that the main reason why you gave me the opportunity to get out of here was because you didn't want me to become just such another one as Mr. Tomkins."

"You're right—partly right. That poor old man comes into the warmth and brightness here every night, and has his whiskies, and talks nonsense to anyone he can get hold of—yes, and he goes out of the bar a deal shakier than he came in, too, as often as not; and sorry I am to see it. But Mr. Tomkins is my friend all the same."

West was perplexed. Miss Jameson detected the fact.

"You're the right sort, I believe," she said; "and if you like I'll tell you a story which will show you why I call Mr. Tomkins my friend. This isn't the sort of thing a girl cares to tell to a man; but I'm going to down my pride and tell it you. And if it shows you that you needn't go out of your way to call a man like Mr. Tomkins a fool—or immoral—or a drunkard—yes, I know all the words that are in your mind to call him—"

Miss Jameson paused to fan her face with an evening paper.

"I'm what some of my customers are kind enough to call pretty," she said, speaking in jerks. "Well, a few years ago, being stony-broke, I got desperate, and—well—Piccadilly seemed the only thing left for me. . . . The first evening I started out, who do you think I met? Mr. Tomkins! Of course we'd never set eyes on each other before. He stopped and spoke to me. I wasn't the first by any means that he'd made up to like that. I don't say I was. Nor the last neither. But see here: when we went into a pub to have a drink and talk things over, he spotted I was new to the game. He asked me; and I said Yes, I was. What did he do? He sat there, Mr. West, and begged and prayed me to drop it! I needn't tell you all he said—though I remember it to this day. He simply told me right out what I was in for, if I went on; and—I'm telling you the straight truth—there were tears in his eyes when he asked me to chuck it."

Miss Jameson fanned her face even more vigorously. "He gave me money: he found me a decent lodging; he kept me going for more than a week: he took every sort of trouble, and at last he got me employed as a barmaid. Not a very elevating profession, I dare say you're thinking? But Mr. Tomkins was no fool. He sized me up: my frizzy hair, my cheeky face, my flashiness all round; and he saw the berth for me was behind the bar. He didn't say I ought to be a domestic servant, or a milliner, or any of the other things I couldn't have been; but a barmaid. And here I am. He doesn't remember me. He lost sight of me, once he'd got me fixed; and I've changed my name and my places here and there since then. But I remember him. So now you know why—"

Another customer had entered the bar, and was tapping a shilling on the counter to attract Miss Jameson's attention.

"It's about time for your train, Mr. West," she said. She bent furtively across the counter, and spoke in a low tone—"Don't let me see you here again!"

West turned to go. As he did so, he heard the customer say, "A small Bass, please, Miss. Why, you're looking blooming to-night!"

"Do give over being so silly!" gurgled Miss Jameson,

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



SATURDAY evening next will be an important time in the life of Mr. H. B. Irving, for he will then begin his association with the first of the plays connected with the name of Henry Irving. This is "The Lyons Mail," in which he will play the two vividly contrasted parts of the gentle, high-minded Lesurque and the villainous, brandy-bibbing scoundrel Duboscq. While Sir Henry's dignified bearing as the upright man never failed to make a great impression, it was generally admitted that the more highly coloured characteristics of the other part gave him greater opportunity for the display of the sinister side of his art, for which he was unrivalled.

It will be interesting to see whether this is also the case with Mr. Irving, whose leaning towards the study of criminology has been attested by his "Life of Judge Jeffreys" and the "French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century." To these two volumes a third is soon to be added, under the title of "Occasional Papers." It will be made up of articles chiefly dramatic and historical in character, among them being the papers read before the Royal Institution on "The Stage in the Eighteenth Century," but there will also be in it several crime-studies.

The success of "The Little Stranger" has induced Mr. Frank Curzon to arrange for its immediate production in America. The company may be regarded as having already started, for it is acting this week in Liverpool, and on Tuesday it embarks on the s.s. *Carmania* for New York, where it will open at Field's Theatre on the 27th inst. The original "little stranger," Mr. Edward Garrett, of course goes to play the baby, while the chief members of the company include Miss Hilda Dick, Miss Kate Osborne, Mr. A. G. Poulton, Mr. Athol Stewart, Mr. Orlando Daly, and Mr. Eric Blind, who, by the way, was the original representative of the leading part, Alec Howard. In going to America Mr. Blind is repeating an experience, for he has already acted in nearly all the large cities from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and in almost every variety of play.

In assuming the management of a theatre, as Mr. Louis Calvert does to-morrow evening at the New, that popular actor may be considered as fulfilling his inherited destiny, for his father was one of the most famous managers of his day in Manchester. The Calvert productions of Shakspeare are still a subject of warm commendation in theatrical circles by those who are old enough to remember them, and Mrs. Calvert, now incomparable as an actress of comic parts, queened it as the leading lady of the company.

Following the fashion in favour of light opera, Mr. Calvert will, as theatregoers are aware, produce "Amasis," written by Mr. Frederick Fenn and composed by Mr. Michael Faraday. In obedience to what has come to be regarded almost as an act of faith, Mr. Fenn has confined himself to two acts, which take place outside the palace and temple at Memphis. The story, it is said, has a strong dramatic character, which suggests, at least, coherence and not the usual go-as-you-please style so characteristic of many musical plays.

Among the members of the company will be Mr. Rutland Barrington, who is to play Pharaoh; Miss Ruth Vincent, the Princess Amasis, his daughter; Mr. Norman Salmond, the High Priest of the Temple; Mr. Roland Cunningham, Prince Anhotep; Mr. Whitworth Mitton and Mr. Herbert Ross.

It is not without interest to know, as showing the time it takes for a theatrical work to come into its own, that it is over two years since "Amasis" was written, for, in June 1904, it was produced for a copyright performance at the St. James's Theatre, among those taking part in it being Miss Isabel Jay, Mr. H. R. Hignett, and Mr. Nye Chart.

That regrets at the death of Mr. Toole should be heard on every hand is only what is to be expected. Still, he had been ill for so long, and had suffered so seriously, that with the regret has been mingled a certain feeling of sympathy that his sufferings have come to an end. He died full of years, for he was seventy-six, and he has taken to the grave the esteem of all who came into contact with him, as well as of a large circle of playgoers who only knew him in his professional capacity. His geniality was proverbial, and his charity was no less remarkable than that of his dear friend Sir Henry Irving, whom, within a year, he has followed into the great beyond. One sentiment animates the theatrical world with regard to him, and it may be expressed in the familiar phrase, "Requiescat in pace."

A good deal of interest has been expressed in the return to the active management of a theatre of Mr. W. H. C. Nation, who has taken Terry's for the season. There is no world in which names are sooner forgotten than in that of the theatre, so that it is not wonderful that Mr. Nation's name should be comparatively unknown to that of the present-day playgoers, although he once managed Sadler's Wells, Astley's, the Surrey, the Royalty, and other houses. With the characteristic loyalty which appertains to our world Mr. Nation has associated himself with Mr. T. W. Friend with whom he had business relations in the days of long ago. Definite arrangements for the plays for the

season, which everyone will hope to see crowned with success, have yet to be settled at the time of writing, but it will, no doubt, be possible to state what they are in the next number of *The Sketch*.

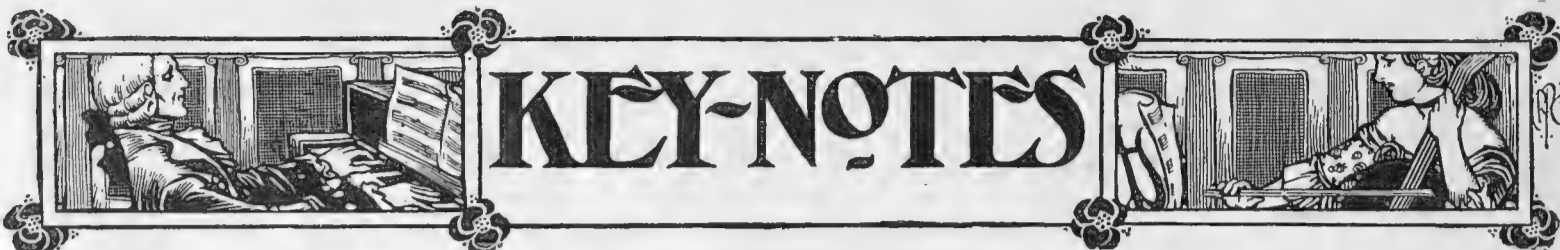
Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-Natured Man," is not often acted nowadays. A good deal of interest will, therefore, be awakened by the announcement that Mr. William Poel has arranged to do it to-morrow and on Friday before the summer students at Cambridge by request of the University Lecture's Syndicate. The Good-Natured Man himself, Mr. Honeywood, will be played by Mr. Lewis Casson, who has so often distinguished himself at the Court, while other parts will be acted by Mr. W. Doughty, Mr. W. M. Mayne, Mr. Edwin H. Wynne, Mr. Ben Field, Miss Muriel Currey, Miss Helen Vicary, Miss H. B. Potter, and Miss Clare Greet.



THE PORTRAITS-ON-POSTCARDS DISPUTE: MISS DAISY JEROME, WHOSE "PICTURE POSTCARD" HAS BEEN IN COURT.

Last week, a Manchester publisher of picture-postcards and a Bradford photographer settled a dispute concerning the portraits of three actresses, in the Chancery Division. The question was one of copyright, and the ladies whose portraits were concerned were Miss Daisy Jerome, Miss Godwynne Earl, and Miss Mabel Lait. Giving evidence in Court, Miss Jerome acknowledged that the advertisement of the postcards was "a great thing."

Photograph by the Rembrandt Studios, Mortimer Street, W.



THE Opera Season that has just closed has in some respects outrivalled many seasons that have preceded it. It has shown the extraordinary ability of the Management of Covent Garden to cope with the needs of the time, and, despite many drawbacks in the way of mechanical arrangements, to present a pictorial idea which can almost rival the very best representations of grand opera in the most modern theatres of the Continent.

The final performance of the season was one of "La Bohème," in which, of course, Madame Melba took the principal part. One does not like to belittle anything that Madame Melba does, because everything that she actually does is as near perfection as the performance of any artist who now appeals to the public. One, therefore, never has a word of blame for that which she gives to the public; but one has a word of blame concerning the choice which she makes of the various parts that she chooses to interpret during a somewhat long season. Nothing can surpass her rendering of the part of Mimi in "La Bohème," with which the season, as we have already said, closed; but it was impossible not to regret the fact that Melba shows herself to be not precisely gifted with the artistic temperament that one had prophesied for her. The artist should be ready for all future things: the artist should be in tune with the time. Madame Melba, the greatest vocalist of this generation, is content with wasting her gifts upon works which, however beautiful in their own way, become, in the long run, slightly superfluous to the assiduous operagoer.

Coming now to the general work done at Covent Garden, it is an interesting fact that Signor Puccini has out-distanced every other competitor, ancient or modern. No less than nine performances were given of "La Bohème" and nine of "Madama Butterfly"; three also were given of "La Tosca." We



A PROMISING YOUNG ENGLISH SINGER:
MISS ALYS BATEMAN.

It was at first intended that Miss Bateman should not adopt the musical profession, and during her father's lifetime she was forbidden to do so. Later, she studied seriously in France and Italy, and ultimately made her debut three years ago. She has met with much success in Canada and America.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

are not at all surprised that Puccini has made so great a success in the operatic world, simply because he has caught that melodramatic spirit which so many composers during the past ten years have been striving to obtain. One says nothing against the composers of "Cavalleria" and "I Pagliacci" when one suggests that Puccini, who, to a certain extent followed in their footsteps, filled out the ideas which had already been placed before the public. In this manner he was predicted as one who would undoubtedly succeed upon the modern stage, even though his work might not have any everlasting quality. Puccini, then, has an instantaneous success, which no critic would dream of taking from him; every critic,

nevertheless, will feel that a certain revision on the part of the public may be needful in the years that are not very distant from us.

For the present writer's part, the most artistic selection and production made by the Management of the Opera, was the performance for the first time in London of Gluck's "Armide." It seems extraordinary that the man who was the inventor of modern operatic thought should have had no say before in what is generally acknowledged to be one of his greatest works, in London. He it was, who by his literary talent no less than by his musical genius, prepared the music-drama for Richard Wagner. The reproduction of "Armide" has shown to us how enormous was the effect which he must have had upon the brain of the man who finally carried out the theories which were embodied in the preface to "Alceste." A very beautiful performance repeated on some three or four occasions was given at Covent Garden, and for that fact the Management must be highly praised.

M. Victor Maurel is as indefatigable as he is ingenious. He who not only in Continental towns, but also in London, made an enormous reputation by his thoughtful singing and his more thoughtful acting, has now turned his attention to a matter which is of great importance to singers who realise that intellect has just as much to do with successful operatic acting as an actual voice itself, always supposing, of course, that the voice has some valuable quality of its own. M. Maurel's most recent lecture has been one on the question of distance. This is a matter, clearly, which requires the comment of one who possesses a sense of criticism to discuss in full. It may seem to many people that M. Maurel's matter is somewhat far-fetched. To the present writer it appeals as a subject which is of the highest importance in musical production, so far as the voice

is concerned. It seems to bring the matter down to its lowest terms—a perfectly easy thing that a man with a voice of enormous carrying powers might make quite a success at the Albert Hall; the same singer, at the Bechstein Hall, might make people flee from his presence. Thus, M. Maurel's lecture becomes of value seeing that he speaks from a professorial point of view, and, beyond this, that his theories are based upon experience. Therefore the question of distance becomes a matter of much importance, and any singer who is not acquainted with the value of its importance (and there is many an operatic singer who fails in consequence of that ignorance) is liable at any moment to make a huge failure.



D'Annunzio. Franchetti.

THE AUTHOR OF "LA CITTA MORTA," AND THE COMPOSER WHO MAY SET IT TO MUSIC: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AND BARON FRANCHETTI.

Baron Franchetti, who is seen here with Gabriele D'Annunzio, is a well-known Italian composer, whose operas are seldom or never given outside his own country because they require mounting on a scale that entails enormous expenditure. He has worked with D'Annunzio, and a report was current some time ago that he would supply a musical setting to the poet's play, "La Città Morta." Baron Franchetti is a member of a great Italian house of financiers and is thus able to secure representations of works that for all their beauty could hardly be given without a subsidy.



Busoni. Ysaye.

REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL THAT IS BEST AND MODERN IN PIANO AND VIOLIN PLAYING: MM. BUSONI AND YSAÏE.

Busoni and Ysaye, who are photographed together here, stand for all that is best and most modern in piano and violin playing. Busoni's treatment of Beethoven and Chopin is a revelation of the exquisite achievement of both masters, and many of his admirers regret that he comes to town so seldom. Ysaye is admitted by many fine judges to be the greatest violinist in the world, and he does not come to London at all in these days. America and the Continent take all he can give them and pay enormous prices to hear him. London cares less.



THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS—THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON MOTOR-CARS—POLICE "CONTROLS"—TURNING CORNERS ON THE WRONG SIDE—
A DETACHABLE NON-SKID BAND.

THE report by the Trial Committee of the Scottish Reliability Trials is just to hand, and far exceeds in thoroughness anything that has been issued previously in connection with such competitions. It puts all work of the kind hitherto produced by the English Club completely in the shade, and must form a model for all future efforts of a like nature. On single sheets, 22 in. by 16 in., are clearly tabulated the "Daily Results—Reliability—Time-stops for Tyre Troubles"; "Weights and Consumption Performances"; "Fuel Consumption Performances, in Order of Merit, per Ton Mile"; "Hill-Climbing Results"; "Hill-Climb Results, in Order of Time Occupied on Each Hill"; "Hill-Climbs Order of Merit"; "Summary of Marks Gained"; "Summary of Results."

The interesting mass of information to be gained from these elaborately tabulated statements is altogether too vast to be dealt with here, so I propose to confine myself to noting the Gold Medal Award only. Class I., chassis price not in excess of £200; 9-10-horse power Swift; driver, Raymond H. Every: 995.5 marks. Class II., chassis price not in excess of £350; 12-15-horse power new Arrol-Johnston; driver, E. A. Rosenheim: 964.8 marks. Class III., chassis price not in excess of £500; 12-16-horse power Wilson-Pilcher; driver, G. H. T. Slaney: 958.9 marks. Class IV., chassis price not in excess of £650; 20-32-horse power Special Darracq; driver, Sidney Girling: 975.3 marks. Class V., chassis price in excess of £650; 25-36-horse power Brasier; driver, M. Ross Browne: 977.6 marks. The Scottish Cup for the vehicle showing the lowest fuel consumption per ton mile over the whole trial was won by the 10-horse power Darracq, driven by Mr. Andrew Brown, with a consumption of 0.2395 gallons per ton mile—41.7 ton miles per gallon of fuel. The car consumption was 38.1 miles per gallon—a wonderful performance.

The croakings of those who love to pre-empt evil and misfortune have not been altogether borne out by the sum total of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars, which was issued to the public just too late to permit of comment in the last issue of *The Sketch*. The Report has now been thrashed through and through by the Automobile Press, so that all motorists who take any interest in the subject at all are fully aware of the burden and probable effect of all the suggestions that concern them, whether they own pleasure or commercial vehicles. The secrets of the Report were fairly well kept,

obtaining at present, too low, being suggested at twelve miles per hour, equal to some five miles per hour of the horsed vehicle.

The Commission refers to police traps, and characterises them as unsatisfactory. Condemnation could hardly have been framed in a milder form, nor do the Commissioners allow themselves to use the term commonly applied by motorists. They speak of "police controls," though how the word "control" can be held to bear I am at a loss to imagine. To control is to regulate or to restrain, and in what manner the police can control, regulate, or restrain when they are perdu on their stomachs behind hedges or walls, or crouching in ditches, it is for the Commission to explain. Restraint or regulation is precisely what the police do not seek or do not wish to effect. Indeed, in one case they have even instituted legal proceedings against a gentleman because he sought to lessen the speed of

cars within the precincts of one of these precious "controls," and so far from being discouraged at a first rebuff, they propose to spend the ratepayers' money in an expensive appeal, for which eminent counsel have already been heavily feed. The use of the word "control" in this connection is the one faint gleam of humour in all these seventy blue-bound pages, and I think I see the draughtsman's tongue in his cheek as he wrote the word.

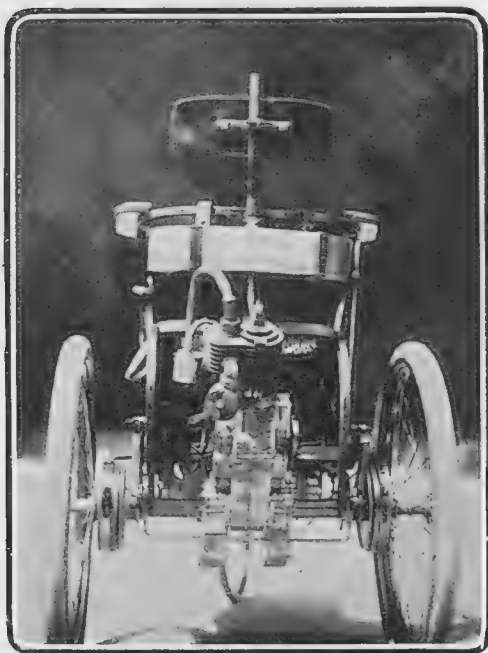
In one portion of the Report, considerable stress is laid upon the danger and alarm caused by motorists and cyclists proceeding round curves and corners on the wrong side of the road, but no mention is made of the undeniable fact that, in this very particular, horse-driven vehicles are the greatest offenders. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if a motorist meets a horse-drawn vehicle when rounding a corner, the latter will be on the wrong side. It is really a more perilous thing to happen, for while the motorist can quickly and readily swing his car to his proper side should he be transgressing, this is not the case with the more clumsily handled horse, and accidents result which, as frequently as not, are ascribed to the fault of the automobilist. When driving on country roads, it is the exception to find the horse-drawn traffic keeping to its proper side round corners or anywhere else.

A detachable non-skid band is always preferable to one that is permanently cemented to the tyre, for the reason that there are times and seasons when non-skids are not necessary or desirable, and one would be glad to be rid of them, for a time at least. Always keen to meet the motorist's requirements in such directions, Messrs. R. and I. Pullman, Limited, of 17, Greek Street, Soho, have lately introduced a detachable non-skid band, which can be rapidly and readily attached and detached, does not in any way wear or injure the cover, and can be easily packed away in the tool-box or under a seat when not in use.



A MEETING OF EXTREMES: A MOTOR-CAR CROSSING THE BLYTHE FROM SOUTHWOLD TO WALBERSWICK ON A PRIMITIVE FERRY.
The Ferry is kept in its course by a chain secured to the bank.

Photograph by Sanders.



AN INVALID-CHAIR-MOTOR-CAR.

The 1½-h.p. motor used is as simple as possible, and, consequently, is both cheap and light. The chair is fitted with a foot brake.

Photograph by Branger.

for the forecasts had prepared us all for the retention of the present absurd limit, whereas the members of the Commission appear to be convinced of the fatuity of this restriction. They recommend, and very properly, that the section concerned with driving to the public danger is all that is necessary for the protection of the public, although they are inclined to favour a speed limit through villages, towns, and danger zones. This limit is like that



THE INVALID-CHAIR-MOTOR-CAR IN USE.

The chair has two speeds—5 miles an hour and rather over 10 miles an hour. Intermediate speeds are attained by advancing or retarding the spark.

Photograph by Branger.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

A SHADOW OF A STEWARDS' CUP FIELD—THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES—SHUFFLING THE 1907 FIXTURES.

THE Goodwood Stewards' Cup petered out into a very tame affair compared with former years. From the day the entries appeared this popular handicap was handicapped. To begin with, the nominations were few, and good-class horses were conspicuous by their absence with one or two exceptions. Then

scratchings were frequent and free, including as they did some of the cream of those engaged. So that at last we saw but the veriest shadow of a Stewards' Cup field. And all this occurred in the first year of the nearest approach to perfection as regards the course. The "luck of the draw" that had hitherto played such a large part in the contest was reduced to a minimum, which means that the course is as straight as it can be made, and yet with this great and much needed improvement the

summer meeting, a loss that is possibly regarded as a gain by those who have tried to run it, for of late years it has been a sorry affair. The Nottingham and Warwick Spring Meetings are reversed: this year Warwick was first by a week; next year Nottingham precedes Warwick by a fortnight. Easter and Whit Monday meetings remain as they were this year, but, as already announced, much to the astonishment of everybody, the aristocratic Sandown supersedes the more plebeian but none the less enjoyable Hurst Park on August Bank Holiday. Windsor gets a one-day mid-week fixture in Easter Week, to take the place of the Saturday meeting that followed Newmarket First Spring this season. Lingfield gets the latter date in 1907. Alexandra Park has only one spring meeting next year, the second date being transferred to Nov. 2, the Saturday following Newmarket Houghton, and Derby Spring Meeting follows Newmarket Craven instead of preceding it by twelve days. The Craven week, by the way, is one of the few in which there is only one meeting per day throughout, with the exception of the Monday, which is clear. The Epsom Derby Meeting and Ascot are separated by a fortnight instead of three weeks, and the week preceding the St. Leger sees a meeting at Lewes on the Friday and Kempton on the Saturday, instead of Kempton on the Friday and Sandown on the Saturday, as this year. The one great



IN THE WATER: MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN, THE FAMOUS SWIMMER, AT BROADSTAIRS.

Photograph by Swayne.

race fell flat indeed. I suppose the fact that many richer stakes for sprinters are to be won elsewhere must play its detrimental part in these main-chance days, and perhaps it would be wise on the part of the Goodwood management to increase the value of this and other races, and to carry out to the uttermost the forward policy upon which they embarked when the new stands were erected a year or two ago. Up to now we have been accustomed to say "quite a Stewards' Cup field was seen," when we have been describing some of the big sprints at other meetings. How dreadful it would be were we forced to reverse the phrasing, and say, "quite an Empire Stakes field," or "quite a Victoria Handicap field was seen," when describing the Stewards' Cup. May the day be far distant. We may go on our way rejoicing without an Earl Spencer's Plate: but leave us still our Stewards' Cup!

The Champagne Stakes at Doncaster promises to supply one of the greatest treats of the year in the meeting of Traquair and Slieve Gallion, the crack two-year-olds belonging to Lord Rosebery and Captain Greer. Another very good one that may bustle them up is Galvani, who, when beaten at Hurst Park, was one of the many animals that have this year been victims of the gate. Of the trio, Slieve Gallion is far and away the best to look at; he is indeed a magnificent specimen of the English (perhaps I had better say Irish, for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of my Irish friends, for the colt was bred in the Emerald Isle) thoroughbred. Galvani also fills the eye as a really good one, possessing as he does great, powerful quarters. Traquair, on the other hand, is only a beauty when in action, and then there is no mistaking his quality. He has only seemed to canter where his opponents have been putting it all in—none will forget that race at Sandown when he not only gave away weight, but distance. It is held that horses cannot give away start, but Traquair managed to do it, and proved himself that day, if on no other, a horse of brilliant speed. Traquair is a much better animal on the racecourse than at home, in which he resembles Donnetta. Slieve Gallion on the other hand has never deceived the Beckhampton people as to his quality. We ought to see a great contest at Doncaster, with the name and fame of the Champagne Stakes worthily upheld—that is, providing Traquair's dislike of the starting gate, as shown at Sandown, was only a temporary aberration. Had I to make a selection to-day I should choose Slieve Gallion, whom I heard described the other day as a "four-year-old born two years ago."

Owing principally to Easter Monday falling on All Fool's Day next year, there has been a considerable shuffle in the racing fixture-list for 1907. The first week is, of course, devoted in equal portions to Lincoln and Liverpool—these two spring fixtures are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—but Lincoln loses its



—AND OUT OF IT: MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN IN SWIMMING COSTUME.

Photograph by Arthur Rouselle.

blot that disfigured the list this year has not been removed, for the Liverpool and Newbury Summer Meetings will clash on the Cup day. I understand that next year will be the last occasion on which this clashing will exist.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

UP and away is the motto of the moment, and though ballooning is not yet a common amusement, the yearning for flight from town makes itself very visible in the more prosaic ways of top-heavy four-wheeler or swiftly pacing motor. It is there all the same, and those who cannot get away from the used-up atmosphere

who climb and those who love to stay in the shadow of the great Matterhorn which looks down on Zermatt with its little graves of lost guides and venturesome climbers. Hans Richter, the great conductor, is amongst those staying in this delightful mountain village. Sir James Stirling is also there, and Eleonora Duse, who says that the mountain solitudes of Switzerland give her more rest and inspiration than any other environment.

The announcement recently made by a well-known doctor that clothes, "particularly those fitting close to the body, are a fruitful source of ill-health," however disconcerting from the *couturière's* point of view, recurs with a certain fascination in this hot weather, when such exigencies of civilisation as collars, gloves, veils, not to mention shoes and corsets, cause more than a mere weariness of the flesh. In reading the great man's scientific theory, one learns with something of a shock that to be really healthy one should wear as little as the requirements of twentieth-century "respectability" demand. Nor does he flinch from exhorting a return to the simple life of our ancestors in respect of skins and woad—or their modern equivalents.

This is courageous, and the nudity theory is an argument to be seriously considered in quite hot weather; but how about March winds and winter frosts? The vision of uncorseted British matrons sternly seeking health in sheep-skins and sandals is too serious to trifle with. Picture postcards, for instance, recording English types of beauty would then indeed require editing. It may be noted in passing that masculine furnishings are not condemned—only those of much whale-boned woman.

The Aero Club of Great Britain would seem to have come to stay, judging from the enthusiasm with which everybody one meets welcomes the possibility of "sailing round the moon," as the old



[Copyright.]

FOR THE SEASIDE.

of the Metropolis must be counted as prisoners of circumstance, indeed. Only those whose pleasure or penalty it is to live in London can realise with what a gasp of gratitude the fresh, sweet air from the sea is felt on one's face as the train slows down at Dover, Folkestone, Southampton, or other first halting-place on the way to foreign parts.

French watering-places are already swinging merrily to the first step of their respective seasons. Vichy, with its lovely *parc*, for one, where Count Witte has been so peacefully making holiday after the *sturm und drang* of Russia since the peace. Prizes amounting to ten thousand pounds are being competed for this week at the races. Captain Wemyss, Comtesse de Beauregard, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and other interesting folk are daily arriving at this favourite ville d'eau.

Le Touquet is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all Northern French watering-places, and its Concours Hippique has brought together a number of smart French and English this week. In the midst of a beautiful forest, delightful hotels, bungalows, and gardens have arisen as if by an enchanter's wand during the past three years. First-rate golf links attract the victims of that wonderful game, and a picturesque old country-house is being "converted" into a luxurious club. With all this, Le Touquet is only five minutes from the splendid sands of Paris Plage, so sea and country delights can be enjoyed at the same time.

Switzerland is always "calling" to the multitude that loves scenery better than sea—and the Engadine with its crystal air and snow-capped mountains, its golf and unimpeachable cookery is the resort of many happy hundreds. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein has joined the Samaden Golf Club, which runs that of St. Moritz close in prestige. Up near the snows the Riffelalp is thronged with those



[Copyright.]

AN ARTISTIC DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

song had it. American society has gone crazy over it, and many of our own mondaines have been lately tasting its delights—which so few have up to now understood. Fancy the bliss of leaving a London front door in cold, wintry, foggy weather, to be lifted through murk and mist within a few minutes to brilliant sunshine and dry air, above

the clouds that hover over devoted house-tops below! One does not realise it until actually afloat, yet it is an experience that most of us will shortly subscribe to with enthusiasm when balloons are a little more domesticated than they have yet become. SYBIL.

THE NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

THE ninth annual meeting of the shareholders in Waring and Gillow, Limited, took place in the Georgian Hall of the Company's new premises in Oxford Street on Thursday afternoon, August 2, 1906. The chair was taken by Mr. S. J. Waring, junr. The Secretary (Mr. J. Ritson) having read the notice convening the meeting, the report and balance-sheet for the year 1905 were taken as read. In moving their adoption, the Chairman spoke as follows—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in once more meeting you and in rendering, on behalf of my co-directors and myself, an account of our stewardship for the year 1905. That year, as you have already learnt from the report, was the best which the Company has yet had, not only as regards the volume of business done, but also as regards the profits earned, which are some £30,000 in excess of the preceding year. During the nine years of the Company's existence there has been a continuous and unbroken record of increasing profits, and the fact that we are able, in addition to paying the regular dividends on the 7 per cent. cumulative ordinary shares for past year, to carry £30,000 to the general reserve and also to bring forward nearly £15,000 to the credit of the present year's accounts, is one on which you may, I venture to think, be congratulated. I may mention that, in addition to our own reserve, which will now amount to £145,000, we are also building up substantial reserves in Messrs. Hampton's, the Waring-White, and other subsidiary companies, and have carried forward to their reserve for the past year an amount almost equal to our own. Respecting the Waring-White Building Company, in which you hold a half-interest, I think it will be generally admitted, as proved by the actual results, that it is undoubtedly the most scientific and economical organisation in Great Britain, and has met with a degree of success which is almost phenomenal.

The inauguration of this vast and comprehensive building in which we are now assembled took place in the second week of June. I feel quite sure that your interest in the undertaking has led you to follow with particular pleasure the altogether unprecedented character of the opening. For an entire week, from ten in the morning until ten at night, these vast galleries were thronged with crowds of delighted visitors, exceeding half a million. During several hours in each afternoon the pavement, for the distance of nearly half a mile, was occupied by a densely packed stream of fashionable people, and the roadway was blocked at frequent intervals by the unceasing arrival of carriages, motor-cars, and omnibuses. Nothing like the scene has ever been witnessed in this or any other country in connection with a purely commercial enterprise.

The question has been raised, "Will this new departure pay?" Until now this has, of course, been a problematical point, although we had the fullest confidence, by reason of the fact that although the increase in the expenses would be comparatively small in comparison with the possible expansion of trade; but to-day we are in an assured position. We are able to tell you from the experience of the past several weeks in the new premises, that not only is success attained, but I may go further and say that the expansion in the general trade is already four times greater in volume than we had calculated would be sufficient to meet the increase in expenses. And this was not merely a spasmodic leap at the outset, but a gradual and steady weekly increase of business which set in from the opening week for sales; in fact, with the object of keeping our reputation clear and of preventing disappointment, we have not only had to claim the indulgence of our customers, but, in some cases, even to decline orders. This, gentlemen, will, I am sure, be as eminently satisfactory news to you as it was to your directors, and will mean that the profits for this year must show a great appreciation over the past. And yet the business is only in its infancy; in fact, I may say, that the new Waring's is only now really commencing, for with the efficiency of your splendidly equipped works (and it must be remembered in this connection that we conduct every operation from the growing tree to the completed piece of furniture, of which you see so many beautiful specimens around you, and have not only availed ourselves of the best-known machinery, but have our own inventions to accomplish the most perfect results in economic production) this capacity to produce should increase the volume of trade—in fact, it is capable of expansion in every direction, whether it may be hotels, ships, trains, public buildings, or contract work of any kind; whilst the possibilities of developing the general furnishing trade in every department will demonstrate themselves to you on going through the showrooms.

It has been our consistent policy in the past to build up a strong and sound reputation, and to associate ourselves only with work good in form and proportion and sound in character, and our policy in the future will be based on the same lines. The guarantees you have of this are the practical knowledge and artistic sense of the firm, the devotion of the directors to the attainment of the highest ideals of

perfection, and their ambition that this business should be an object-lesson for the whole world, not only for art, but for absolute trustworthiness in every transaction, however small; and that everyone who does business with us may rely on obtaining the maximum of value, artistically and commercially, for his outlay, in whatever direction his wants may lie. To secure this end we must attain in our internal organisation the highest degree of efficiency; and we ask this of everyone connected with the firm, from the office-boy to the directors.

And now, gentlemen, as many of you are doubtless anxious to take a closer view of the great property in which you are interested, I will not detain you further, but simply move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet which have been taken as read.

This was seconded by Mr. Sidney Marler and carried unanimously.

The usual resolutions, including the re-election of the retiring directors and auditors, were duly carried.

Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, who was for some time a leading Partner in the great American Stores of Marshall Field and Co., was proposed as an additional director of the company by Mr. S. J. Waring, junior and seconded by Mr. Assinder.

The motion was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was carried amidst great enthusiasm, terminated the proceedings.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF IRELAND.

WE can imagine nothing more surprising—we had almost said disconcerting—to those who have harboured a certain prejudice against all things Hibernian than a trip to the "sunny side of Ireland." They will indeed be amazed to find how far they have been led astray in their conception of the country and its people. It is far from being the land of lawless crime that they supposed it to be, and Patrick on his native soil is the most gentle, genial, courteous, and hospitable soul imaginable. The visitor will find he has been equally mistaken in picturing Paddy's land as a hundred years behind the times in the matter of railways and hotels. From Dublin he can travel in four hours to the very heart of Kerry in a *train-de-luxe*, equal in speed and comfort to the very best in England and at his journey's end he will find the most up-to-date and well-equipped hotels awaiting him.

The visitor might strike out a little from the conventional Killarney programme, by making Glengarriff his headquarters for a Kerry holiday. The best way to reach this lovely spot, unrivalled even by Killarney itself, is to journey direct to Cork, where a couple of pleasant days might be spent *en route*. From Cork to Glengarriff there is choice of two ways, one by Bantry, the other by Macroom. The former, known as the "Prince of Wales's route," is the more popular of the two. There is every facility at Glengarriff for bathing, boating, fishing, driving, cycling, and mountain-climbing. A delightful excursion may be made to Gougane Barra, the sacred shrine of St. Finbarr, in the midst of a lonely lake, where Mass is celebrated in the open air on the Patron Saint's Day. From Glengarriff to Killarney is the most beautiful coach drive in the kingdom, with Kenmare as a half-way halting place, and here is one of the four luxurious Southern Hotels which have been erected in the Kerry Peninsula under the management of the Southern Hotels Company, the others being at Parknasilla, Waterville, and Caragh Lake. If tempted to linger in Kenmare for a day or two the tourist can make glorious excursions from his hotel to Parknasilla, that new and enticing rival to Killarney on the sheltered shore of Kenmare Bay. The little tour mapped out keeps Killarney, like the good wine, for the end of the feast, and once there it will be admitted that it is, after all, the peerless gem of Irish scenery. Go where one will, there is nothing like it.

The winner of the international shorthand speed competition at Baltimore, U.S.A., was Mr. Sidney H. Godfrey, who achieved the remarkable record of 250 words per minute. Of his achievement he writes: "The pen used by me was a 'Swan' Fountain Pen purchased six years ago, and which has been in constant use ever since. It has never failed me, even when writing at the rate of 250 words per minute." This is another remarkable testimony to the qualities of the "Swan" Pen. A fully illustrated catalogue dealing with the pen is to be had on application to Mabie, Todd, and Bard, 79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In the Australian House of Representatives, on June 14, the Minister for Customs, Sir William Lyne, moved the Second Reading of a Bill for the preservation of Australian industries and for the repression of destructive monopolies. He maintained that, if some such measure had been enacted in the early days of America, the gigantic trusts which had resulted in such great evils could never have existed. He added, it would be a sorry thing if such monopolies were allowed to gain a footing in Australia. The injurious effects of the American tobacco and oil trusts were referred to. Sir William Lyne said that there was abundance of shale in New South Wales for the manufacture of oil, and a big company, with a capital of £700,000, was preparing to exploit the industry. (This reference is to the Commonwealth Oil Corporation, which is constructing a railway to develop the enormous natural resources of shale for the production of oil).

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE Consol Market has been weak again, and looks as if realisations were going on, for the account showed that there was very little bull account open, and otherwise it is difficult to understand the weakness. At least, one of the uncertainties which have operated against South African securities is now removed with the outlines of the Transvaal Constitution which the Government have given to the world. This is not the place to discuss the propriety of the settlement, but undoubtedly the market was agreeably surprised, and had expected an even more pro-Boer proposal. If the restrictions as to "servile labour" are not mere sops thrown to the Radical rump to keep them quiet, they may cause trouble in the future, but once representative government is in full working order, it is highly improbable that the home authorities would engage in a contest with the Colonial ministers over the question. At first blush the city is prepared to say of the Government proposals that "they might have been worse."

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The friends of the Great Central may certainly congratulate themselves on the steady progress which the line is making. For the half-year ending the 30th of June last the report shows that the gross earnings increased by £147,500, of which £55,574 proved to be net profit improvement, and allowing for extra Preference charges there was £30,000 more than this time last year to be distributed among the Preference stockholders. The ratio of expenses to money earned is slightly reduced, and the increases are chiefly in such items as wages, fuel, and traffic expenses, which *must* rise with the extra labour involved in handling the additional traffic. Rates and taxes, which are the bogey of so many companies, are only £1247 up in comparison with the same period of last year, or an increase of a little over 2 per cent., which is a mere trifle compared with the way in which a Company like the Central London suffers. The figures in the latter case are almost a public scandal, and deserve to be recorded. In the half year ending June 30, 1901, the rates and taxes were £4600, while for the same period of the present year the total reached £16,000, or at the rate of £32,000 a year, representing a dividend of 2 per cent. on the deferred stock; and it is to be feared that the end has not yet been reached.

HOME RAILS AND AMERICANS.

Holiday exigencies demand these pages through the press before the three most interesting dividend announcements are made. But it may perhaps be assumed in advance that the market estimates of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. increase in the North Western and of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. increase in the Midland declarations will not be disappointed; the rates are likely to be rather more than less. The Great Western, too, will probably pay the same rate as it did at the corresponding period last year, and with this the tale of the English dividends will be complete. Home Railway stocks have fallen much in the confidence of the public from the tragical nature of the long-continued depression, and to win their way back to popular favour the yield on the stocks must be not only good, but likely to remain on at least the present basis. No doubt can be entertained that in the course of time people will court this market again in their search for sound investments yielding 4 per cent. or a trifle over, and we must repeat our opinion that the best stocks are still worth buying, despite the improvement which has occurred from the levels recently ruling.

Vitality in the American Market is scarcely quenched by the competition of the Kaffir Circus, and the undercurrent of Yankees is as strong as ever. Again we would recommend the best, highest-priced shares as the cheapest purchases. Baltimores and Steel Prefs., Canadas and Unions, all have good prospects of being carried higher yet. Atchisons will attain par and Southern Pacific touch 80, unless something very unforeseen happens to the United States. Gold is wanted, as we must continue to remind our readers, but we have plenty of money (or credit, at any rate) on this side, and the autumn drain may be satisfied with no abnormal tugs upon the purse-strings of the world. Yankees are good enough to hold, but

bucket-shop allurements in any shape whatever should be avoided at all costs; they are especially dangerous in connection with the American Market, because of the violent and rapid fluctuations in its price-lists.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"By Jove!" exclaimed The Stroller.

A crowd of some two hundred and fifty men (each wearing a straw hat), apparently busy at five o'clock on an August afternoon, was responsible for our friend's astonishment.

"That's our Street market in Kaffirs," his broker told him, with justifiable pride.

"By Jove!" repeated The Stroller. "I'd heard something of this, but I didn't think it was anything to match such a scene," and the movement of the multitude of straw-hats tickled his fancy into an outburst of laughter.

"What the Charles Dickens is the joke?" demanded the broker, rather irritated. "It's a jolly fine thing to have a little business in Kaffirs again, I give you my word."

"Of course, of course," The Stroller agreed. "Those straw-hats amused me, that's all. Don't they look awfully funny from a distance!"

"Can't say I've had time to notice," was the reply, still somewhat short. "I'm rather busy—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" apologised our friend. "I didn't know I was keeping you. Let me—"

"It's not quite so bad as all that," replied the mollified broker. "They're goodish, though," and it was evident that his heart, as well as his eye, dwelt kindly on the Kaffir Market.

"You're bullish?" hazarded Our Stroller.

"Getting more that way," was the answer.

"This Transvaal Constitution makes a good basis, it seems to me—"

"But some of the papers criticised it pretty sharply?"

"Papers? Pooh! Who cares what the papers say? We think in here that the Constitution isn't at all bad and it ought to buck up business."

"I thought the Stock Exchange was so amazingly Conservative?"

"So it is. What *are* you driving at?"

"Nothing,

except that it is the Unionist papers which have slated the Government's scheme."

"My dear good sir, for goodness sake don't ram those wretched newspapers down my throat. I tell you we don't care a—"

"Then you think Kaffirs are worth buying?"

"I do," and the broker turned on him defiantly. "What makes you think—"

"Pardon me, I didn't say I thought they were not worth buying. But it was only lately that you advised me to be careful."

"Since then, though, the whole aspect of the market has changed. No, thanks"—this to a man they met upon the skirts of the crowd—"Are they still good?"

"Better tone than trade," was the reply, made cheerfully. "Want to know anything?"

"How to make money!"

"A broker does not come to a jobber for such information."

"What's the use of a jobber, then?"

"To be picked up by brokers," and The Stroller, puzzled, saw a gratified smile cross his broker's face.

"Tanganyikas are said to be on the eve of a big jump," resumed the jobber.

"Isn't there some yarn about the Amalgamated Copper people guaranteeing the completion of the Tangan's railway?"

"That's it. Sounds tall, I admit, but you never know."

"Until you've got the shares. And not always then."

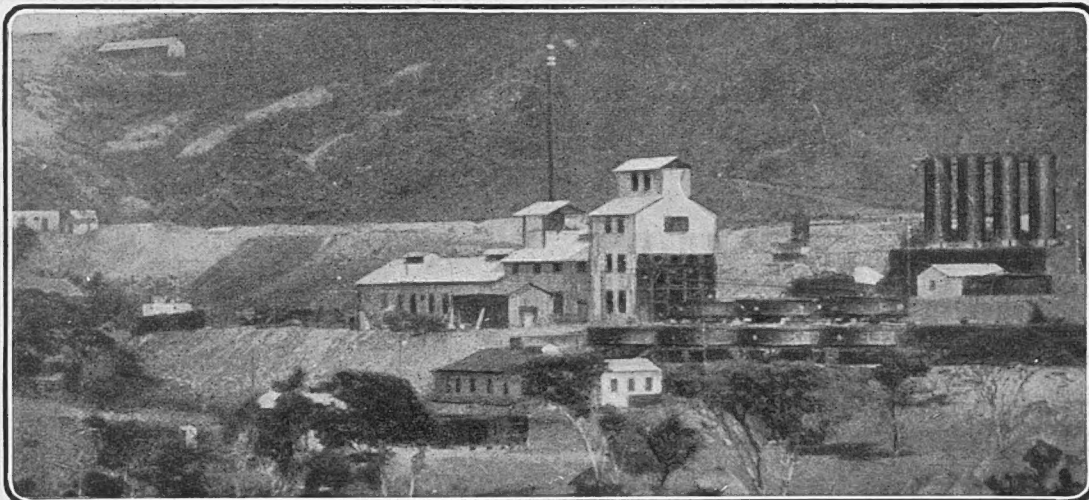
"True enough. I believe it's a good tip, though."

"If Tangans, Zambesias," added a bystander. "You should buy them both."

"Mind yer backs!" And the crowd parted to permit the passage of a brewer's cart. Time-honoured custom demands that the covered sides of the cart shall be sharply beaten with canes and walking-sticks.

"Seem to think as they're at 'ome, whackin' their wives and kids, Thomas." And the crowd roared with laughter at the driver's sally.

Two men stood on the kerb, unobserved by the police. One, in a panama hat, not of the current season, was laying down the law on the subject of Kaffirs, in language as warm as the weather. Neither can be adequately expressed on cold paper.



THE WANDERER MINE, RHODESIA.

"A trick!" he cried. "Simply and solely a trick on the part of the big houses to off-load shares on to the public. There's neither rhyme nor reason in the rise."

"You are a pronounced pessimist!"

"I'm nut. I'm——"

"Yes, I know. You're a Scotchman, and that's the same thing,"

"Nut a-t'all! Why, bless my soul and buddy, what d'you think they imported the Chinese for?"

"Cheap labour, of course. I'm not a fool."

"Who told ye so? Ye must be, if ye think that's the reason. All the big houses wanted was a bait to catch the public, so they flung up their bunnets and said, 'Let's have Chinese labour!'"

"Expensive advertising of their wares!"

"Far more so than they ever anticipated. But it didn't work. The ruse failed, and the public declined to come in. Ha!"

"And now?"

"It's the 'Constitution.' That's the latest stick to whack the donkey with, and if he comes into the market now, he's an ass: that's all I can say. Ta-ta," and off he went.

Our Stroller's semi-divided attention was switched on in full to the converse of a group standing in the doorway of some telephone-boxes.

"As an investment, Rand mines are worth the present fig-u-ar," was the first complete sentence our friend heard.

Another man spoke less certainly.

"They pay you nearly 10 per cent. on the money, if the 120 per cent. dividends are maintained."

"Rand mines can safely be locked up."

"Yes; not bought to contango. Although, I think, as a gamble the shares are right."

"Robinson Central Deepes are another good thing," said a third. "They are *cum* seven bob dividend."

"Rand mines are *cum* six."

"I believe in having dividend-paying stuff," confessed the first speaker. "There's more satisfaction to be got out of them than out of Randfontein, or any of that lot."

"Randfonteins are going to pay a dividend this year, they tell me."

"Who's 'they'?"

"They. Merely They. Isn't that enough?"

"Kipling made enough of it. But, as applied to the Randfontein dividend——"

"I heard it too, and believe it's quite on the cards."

"Apex at anywhere like 3½ tickle my fancy."

"They were 3 a fortnight ago."

"Three weeks."

"What's it matter? When a share——"

Our Stroller saw his broker beckoning to him, and shouldered his

way through the crowd. Fortunately, the market was active, and that is why only one man sarcastically complimented him upon doing a pushing business.

Friday, Aug. 3, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GUNNER.—We think the people you name are sound enough to pay any reasonable amount. You will find that the system you ask about works out to your loss, for the difference between buying and selling price is always against you. You had better inquire if a rise in one stock is set off against a drop in another.

CHIPS.—We have a very poor opinion of the investment.

BRUM.—The shares are speculative, and the future depends on the traffics when the Chilean line to link up Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso is complete. No guide can be obtained from the present traffics, and the Chilean line will not be complete for probably two years. We believe in the future of the line.

THAME.—(1) The reason of the decline is the steady competition of electric with hydraulic power. You might change to something else. Anything in your list is a fair speculative purchase. Canadian Pacific and one of the Nitrate concerns would be our pick. (2) We think you will get the bonus new stock. (3) If your house broker does his duty, and buys at the lowest obtainable, it will be cheaper to deal with him. He may buy below middle price, or above it, just as he can obtain a quotation from a jobber. The outsider will charge you top tape price for certain. (4) It is only possible by arrangement, and with a good deposit of security. (5) We have sent you a name, but whether the firm will deal for anything but fortnightly accounts we do not know.

EPELON.—All the shares you name are fair industrials and good enough to hold if you will take ordinary trade risks.

CRICKET.—The shares are non-cumulative and the dividend is paid next month. We think them not a bad investment.

TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The success of the Sussex Fortnight was assured by the Goodwood Meeting, and the usual crowds will turn up at Brighton and Lewes. At the former place, Shy Lad may win the Sussex Plate, Laila the Apprentices Plate, Mixed Dance the Stanmer Plate, Zelis the Berwick Welter, Slavetrader the Cup, Futurity the Rottingdean Plate, Bellerophon the Light Weight Handicap, Gardenia II. the Brookside Plate, Thrush the Southdown Plate, and Damosel II. the Cliftonville Plate. At Lewes I fancy: De Warrenne Handicap, Twelvebore; Lewes Stakes, Prince William; Priory Stakes, Saxham; Lewes Handicap, Savernake; Hamsey Welter, Maisie II.; Astley Stakes, Polar Star. At Haydock Park, some of the following may win: August Handicap, Débutante; Warrington Handicap, Quintet; Flixton Welter, Japan; Gerard Plate, Bonny Mary; Holiday Handicap, Kolo; Grand Stand Handicap, Hon. Jummy; Wigan Welter, Incentive; St. Helens Plate, Canterbury Pilgrim filly. At Nottingham, I fancy: Nottinghamshire Handicap, Skiograph; Welbeck Handicap, Master Hopson.

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